

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2874.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1894.

TWO { SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS { By Post, 6½d.



SERAPHINE.—BY EDOUARD BISSON.

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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is difficult to understand why from any patriotic point of view—that is, of the public service—the proposal that the causes for which titles of honour are bestowed should be stated (as, for example, in the case of the Victoria Cross), has been received in the House of Commons, apparently by both sides, with ridicule. It is not a pleasant spectacle to see both political parties treating what is obviously for the good of the State with contemptuous cynicism. Why should not the reason for honours being bestowed be made as public as the origin of a pension? In those splendid awards that are paid yearly to literature and art—amounting in the aggregate to no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds—the claims of each recipient of fifty pounds a year and upwards are set forth in detail. The proposer of the motion in question was careful to state that the effect of it was not to be retrospective, but one really does not see why it should not be so. It is not one of those personal matters in which the public has no right to concern itself; it would, on the contrary, be well to know upon what grounds the highest honours of the State have been conferred, that reverence may not be given to the wrong persons. In the future, at all events, such publicity could not but serve as a wholesome restraint upon the misdirection of Ministerial favour. As a well-known divine once observed, "We are told not to speak evil of dignities," but there should be no harm in our telling the truth about the people who fill them.

The name of Richard Harris Barham in a recent obituary in the *Times* reminds one of a writer so gay and pleasant that it is difficult to associate him with the past at all. Yet the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" died nearly fifty years ago. Many editions of them have since appeared, so that they cannot be said to be forgotten, but only a few of us can remember the delight with which they were originally welcomed. His style, though at that time original, was, unhappily, easy to imitate, and the magazines were for years overrun by miserable attempts at rivalry. This, no doubt, injured his reputation; the ease and lightness of the master was confused with the fatal facility of his disciples, and to some extent shared the same condemnation. But the "Legends" still survive, while the imitations have perished. In the former the reader is apt to forget that there were some real poetic touches which curiously contrasted with the prevailing humour. How few people, for example, if any, who have read how M. Fuse and Lieutenant Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues all went to see a man die in his shoes, remember how the man really died! They know no more about it than Lord Tomnoddy himself—

And hark! a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes eight.
List to that low funeral bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
And see! from forth that opening door
They come. He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the spirit's unknown career.
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer!
That heaving chest! Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen! the spirit is gone—
For woe or for woe is known but to One!
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at—not to see.

The "Life of Barham"—which is by no means always the case with the biographies of humorous writers—is full of good things. He mixed with the most genial society of his day, and had the good sense to keep a diary. There is one story in it which, remembering what the Lord Chancellor himself has told us of the unfitness of certain magistrates for their place, has a very present application: "Old Steady Baker, the Mayor of Folkestone, I well remember. A boy was brought before him for stealing gooseberries. Baker turned over Burn's 'Justice,' but, not being able to find the article he wanted in the book, which is alphabetically arranged, he lifted up his spectacles, and addressed the culprit thus: 'My lad, it's very lucky for you that, instead of stealing gooseberries, you were not brought here for stealing a goose; there is a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all Burn; so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offence.'"

At the Academy dinner Lord Rosebery very kindly suggested on behalf of our painters that male persons desiring their services should henceforth attire themselves in some picturesque costume. It is impossible to invest the portraits of "a gentleman" with sublimity, or even dignity, who wears a swallow-tail coat and a "topper"—the only exceptions are the pictures of M.F.H.s, which have at least colour to recommend them. Objections have been raised as to the expense, but those who can afford to have their likenesses taken at present prices can surely for once and away pay for a Charles II. costume; indeed, like those D.C.L.s who only appear in scarlet on the day on which their degree is conferred, they can procure it for the occasion on the hire system. Men of more moderate

means; who still prefer to wear their own clothes, might surely afford a suit of "velveteens," capped by a wide-awake with a feather in it. Thus attired, and with the proper Bohemian or swashbuckling air (for which they could rely upon the painter) even our mayors and millionaires might be rendered picturesque.

Another kind of novelty in attire, likely to be still more popular with those whom it concerns, is the bullet-proof clothing, now no longer only "made in Germany." An English lady, I read in the papers, has made a discovery similar to that of the Teutonic inventor, and is prepared, in an entire suit of what I believe are called "continuations," to be shot at point blank with any description of firearm short of cannon. If this invention had been of earlier date, we should probably have had a much larger number of candidates for the army. Even in Shakspeare's day we read how the discovery of villainous saltpetre damped the martial spirit. Now, if bullet-proof clothing had been found out at the same time, the two discoveries would have negated one another, and recruiting been uninterfered with. Many sensitive minds shrink with horror, under present circumstances, at the idea of firing ball at their fellow-creatures, whereas if they were quite sure their clothes would not be penetrated they would do it cheerfully; and the same objection exists in even a stronger degree to their fellow-creatures firing at them. The costume, of course, must be complete. There is a well-known story of a thin man trying to persuade a fat antagonist in a duel that all would be fair if hits outside a certain limit didn't count, but it is understood that the argument was not convincing. Similarly it would be a very small satisfaction to know that you couldn't be shot in the chest if you could be shot between the shoulders (as, for example, if one was running away). Achilles found it very inconvenient, though only his heel was exposed to his enemies. The bullet-proof continuations must protect everything; we must be armoured cap-a-pie and have a mask for the nose. Then, to use a well-worn expression, "the whole conditions of warfare will be altered," and much for the better. The struggle in future will be very similar to that between guns and ironclads—on the one hand, to get a bullet that will go through anything; on the other, to obtain a suit of clothes that will be impervious to the bullet. Perhaps in process of time an attire will be invented to defy even the darts of Cupid; but this discovery will never be owed to one of the fair sex.

The recent card scandal at Dublin is attracting a good deal of attention in the London clubs, especially from those elder members who remember the great *cause célèbre* of the same class nearer home. Such incidents—or alleged incidents—do, in fact, very seldom occur in clubs, and much more seldom are made public. The better plan it is generally felt in such cases is to "wipe it up and say nothing about it." Few people like to be witnesses in a card row, for so short is the public memory, and so easily does it confuse matters, that in a year or two they are as likely as not to be mixed up with the principals ("Was there not," it is asked, "something queer about him at *écarté* at the Megatherium?" when he had, in fact, been a public benefactor by detecting the gentleman who too frequently turned up the king). In many years' experience of club play—though not, it is true, of high play—I have never known a well authenticated case of cheating at cards. At the University I remember one taking place in a friend's rooms, when the matter was charitably settled by the extortion of a promise from the offender that he would never touch a card again while he remained at college. In 1852 there was a great card-cheating case at Lewes, where Lord Chief Justice Jervis made a most luminous charge to the jury. The well-known Mr. Robertson of Brighton, Mr. Croake James tells us, happened to be chaplain to the Sheriff, and expressed his opinion that it surpassed in clearness, interest, and conciseness anything he could have conceived. "A pack of cards which had been used was produced, and the London detectives, and even the prosecuting counsel, admitted that they seemed fair enough. But the Judge pointed out to the jury that the pattern on the backs of the cards, which seemed so intricate and complicated, contained small marks like flowers at one corner, made of dots, and these enabled a skilful person to tell each of the cards from the backs."

If our forefathers the cave-dwellers enjoyed their mode of life no more than the amateurs of Lügloch, they could not have had a very good time. When they got to their lodgings at night, however, they could probably count upon getting out of them in the morning, unless they had enemies who would stop the exits with brushwood and set fire to it, as we know, from the "Tales of a Grandfather," was but too often the custom in Scotland. The Lügloch folks seem to have imputed their misfortunes to "rival explorers," who turned the river upon them, so that there would appear to be a temptation—to outsiders—in all ages to take advantage of folks in caves. The treatment the rescued party have received from their fellow-countrymen reminds one of the experience of Hood's "Lost Child," whose absence his mother bewailed with floods of tears, but, when

she found him, smacked him. Nothing could exceed the tender interest expressed on all sides for them when immured, but now they are out and about they are described, I read, as a party of fools who have given a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Some of them are so entranced with what they saw—or think they saw—of stalactite and stalagmite as to have expressed their intention to "go again," which makes their rescuers frantic, especially the gentleman who swam under water, like a moorhen, to bring them bread-and-cheese and candles. The whole story sounds stagey and unreal, and is in curious contrast with what happens, both before and afterwards, to those who, as is but too often the case, are imprisoned in our coal-pits. We feel quite surprised that they didn't tell stories to one another to pass the time, as in our Christmas Numbers. With the Lügloch prisoners there was plenty of water (and, indeed, too much of it), which no doubt mitigated their condition, and the torrent which caused their calamity was at least known to them by sight; otherwise there is nothing to my mind which would add to the horror of such a situation more than the presence of an underground river. In the Ingleborough caves, beautiful and various as are their contents, there is naught so striking as that swift and Stygian stream whereon no bark has ever travelled, and which starts (apparently) from nothing on its way to nowhere.

In the Bloomsbury County Court the other day that much-vexed question "What is a gentleman?" came once more under discussion. It was stated by a credible witness that the defendant was a gentleman, because "he never did any work." His Honour drily remarked, in that case there were a good many gentlemen about. He was doubtless thinking not only of the hereditary aristocracy but of the unemployed. In the United States thoughts upon this subject naturally take that direction. A friend of mine, travelling lately in the Great Republic, was being cross-examined by an inquiring stranger as to his calling when in the effete old country. "Well," he replied, with a blush, for he did not like to mention certain philanthropic matters in which he employed himself, and felt sure that his reply would not be considered satisfactory, "I do nothing." "Nothing?" observed the other, like one who had "tracked Suggestion to her inmost cell," and yet could make nothing of her, "then you must be a tramp."

As a matter of fact, a gentleman, even in England, is difficult to define but easy to recognise, though not necessarily at first sight. The general public are given to decide the question on insufficient data, or rather on data from which no just conclusion can be drawn, such as birth, means, education, &c. Those who are sure of their own merits as regards this matter take their position for granted, but others are very sensitive about it. A scene I witnessed years ago at a seaside whist club convinced me of this. A certain financier, Mr. C., of great wealth, but of indifferent reputation, had (as generally happens with rich people) been extremely fortunate. "Upon my word," said an opponent, after losing a great many shilling points, "this man is too lucky." "I will thank you not to call me a man," said Mr. C. "Not a man? You're not a woman, are you? Why should I not call you a man?" "Because, Sir," returned the financier, "a man means a labouring man, and I am a gentleman." This was not, however, everybody's view, for some days afterwards I heard a cabman disputing with him at the railway-station. "Call yourself a gentleman, do you; well, I calls you a scaly varmint."

There was in my time no particular encouragement to falsehood at Eton; but it was generally understood that there was somewhere in the Apocrypha this eleventh commandment, "If you tell a lie, tell a good one, and stick to it." My view of that class of literature called the "shilling shocker" is of a somewhat similar kind: my mind does not naturally turn in that direction, but when it does, I like my shocker to be a shocker, and no mistake about it. It is not necessary (though I like it) to have my blood curdled; but it is essential that the story should be exciting, dramatic, and unconventional. "Stanhope of Chester" answers all three conditions. It is not a shilling shocker, for it is more highly priced, being a fair-sized volume, but it belongs to that order of literature, and in my humble opinion stands at the head of it. Its plot, if it can be called such, is one of a startling kind, but so well maintained is the interest of the story that we forgive its improbability. At the same time, it is well to warn those restless and impatient spirits who are given to look at the end before the beginning of a novel, that by so doing in this case they will spoil a good deal of their pleasure. The author is in one thing only not original; he has borrowed—and very wisely, for it is the best way of telling an eerie tale—the habit introduced by Dickens of placing the mysterious subject of his biography among the most ordinary surroundings: we find him in the railway, at the hotel, and at the club, and in the daytime. Stanhope of Chester does not require "slow music, lights half down," to reveal himself to his audience, which, if I am not much mistaken, will prove to be a large one.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Since Fechter produced at the Lyceum Theatre the famous "Duke's Motto" and "Bel Demonio," and many another romantic French drama—days of John Brougham and handsome George Jordan and brilliant Sam Emery, father of the Winifred Emery of to-day; days of lovely and ideal Kate Terry, who preceded her gifted sister in winning Lyceum hearts—I think there have been only two very good French romantic pieces produced in London. One of these was "Proof," produced at the Adelphi, and the other was "The Two Orphans," that distinguished the Henry Neville period at the old Olympic Theatre. I saw the play in Paris and was immensely struck with it before John Oxenford undertook the adaptation for the English market; indeed, it can scarcely be called an adaptation, for, beyond suppressing the last explanatory act of the original, the play is the same here as it was in France. The penultimate act in the original ends with Pierre's sensational sentence: "I wait here for justice." On this the curtain falls, and I really do not see why it should not so fall in England also, and end the play. For that rush on of characters into the garret always struck me as uncalled for and inartistic. The audience knows quite as much as it desires to know: the two orphans are reunited, which is one great point, and Jacques is stabbed, which is another. The maternal part of the business is, somehow, immaterial, and we all feel that justice will not, after all, lay poor Pierre by the heels.

It was a happy thought to revive this excellent and interesting old play at the Adelphi, where, I fancy, the patrons of this excellently conducted theatre are becoming a little tired of English domestic melodrama. In Paris, also, they are harking back to romance. The Napoleonic period is just now the rage, on account of the dress; but it looks as if the romanticists were about to turn the realists out of dramatic office. We may not get so far as "Monte Cristo," which, in London at least, is the unluckiest of all unlucky plays. But I should like to see a revival of "Notre Dame de Paris," and I still live in hopes of seeing one day a proper and adequate production of Sardou's "Patrie," one of the very finest romantic and historical dramas of the century. "The Two Orphans" as acted at the Adelphi to-day is better done than it has ever been done before. Mr. William Rigbold, the original Jacques, alone remains out of the old Olympic cast, but never before has anyone ever seen such a charming pair of sisters as Miss Marion Terry and Miss Ellis Jeffreys. The first is playing better than ever, and the second promises to be a powerful romantic actress of great moment. Suddenly she casts away her fashionable comedy and comic songs, and thrills an Adelphi audience. Miss Edith Cole is another acquisition, a new discovery by the Messrs. Gatti; and it is needless to state of what value to the cast are such able artists as Mr. Charles Cartwright and Miss Alice Lingard, who has been away from the stage far too long. It looks as if "The Two Orphans" would run at the Adelphi throughout the season. It deserves to do so, for the production in every detail is worthy the best traditions of this popular theatre.

I hear very good accounts indeed of the genuine success both of "The Masqueraders," at the St. James's, and "A Bunch of Violets," at the Haymarket. For this last both Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are mainly responsible. The Haymarket manager is shown to the best possible advantage as the dare-devil financier, who, though thrown in the end, after a long wrestle with fate, makes a thoroughly good fight of it. Mrs. Tree's performance of the fascinating adventuress is a very remarkable bit of acting—bold, audacious, brilliantly coloured, and as fascinating as a picture by Jan Van Beers. Years ago Mrs. Tree showed an aptitude for a character of this kind in a play called "The Millionaire," but she had not so much experience then as she has now—an experience and a study of which she has amply availed herself. This Mrs. Murgatroyd is a conception and an execution quite on the plane of the best and most showy French acting. The dress and the detail are alike excellent. And the success of the actress makes one, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. Next time "Diplomacy" is revived I should like to see Mrs. Tree play the Countess Zicka. But, meanwhile, I should like to see her in the character of Jane Eyre, with her husband for

Rochester. "Jane Eyre" has never been properly dramatised, and yet it is capable surely of great effects. These performances in Mr. Grundy's new play of Mr. and Mrs. Tree and Mr. Lionel Brough are quite first class. I rejoice to find that a section of the public is coming round to my opinion that the last act of "The Masqueraders" is not at all the exorcism that it was represented to be. To my mind, the parting of the bought wife and her lover in the lonely observatory, and the attitude taken by the saint-like sister, is one of the finest scenes in the play.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Of figure-subjects there is no lack in the present exhibition, and it is to be remarked with satisfaction that trivialities are becoming less frequent. Mr. Walter Langley, hitherto known almost exclusively as a painter in water-colours, deserves a prominent, if not the very first place for his episode of fisher-life. The work is full of poetry as well as of merit, and if the note be sad it is not insisted upon by the painter, but left to vibrate in the spectator. Miss Dora Noyes' "Two at a Stile" is in a happier key and warmer tone, and the two on whose faces the rich tints of the setting sun are falling might well pass for characters out of one of Mr. Hardy's Wessex tales. There is a sense of completeness as well as of reserved strength in the picture that promises much for the artist's future. A higher pitch is, however, reached in Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Eleventh

In pure landscape there is a very marked advance both of sentiment and execution. Mr. Hope McLachlan, Mr. Biscoe Gardner, and Mr. Fred. Milner come forward as exponents of a style which has long deserved more ample recognition, but their works fall short in actual merit of such poetic studies as Mr. John Finnie's "Close of Stormy Day" and Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Morning Glory"; and Mr. J. Farquharson in his moonlight scene, "Over Snowfields Waste and Pathless," repeats the success obtained by his picture now in the Chantrey collection.

We have only glanced at the leading features of the present exhibition, of which, by one of life's little ironies, the catalogue bears the inappropriate motto "It is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished." The majority of those who look with attention will probably find more true art in the ruder than in the more polished performances of the wielders of the brush and chisel.

MR. ASQUITH'S WEDDING.

The marriage of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Q.C., M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department, to Miss Margot Tennant, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., took place on Thursday, May 10, at St. George's, Hanover Square. It was remarkable from the circumstance that the congregation included many of the most eminent political and Parliamentary personages of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, Lord Kimberley, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry James, Lord Russell, the Right Hon.

H. H. Fowler, and other past or present Ministers and leading men of both parties, as well as peers and peeresses, were among the assembly. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., as his best man. The bride, who came in with her father, wore a dress of white satin trimmed with orange-blossoms and Venetian point lace, the train held up by her nephew, the Hon. C. A. Lister, in a page's costume. Her ten bridesmaids were little girls, all in white, carrying roses. The service was performed by the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Scott Holland, and the Rev. David Anderson, Rector of St. George's.

RICHMOND FOOTBRIDGE.

The opening by his Royal Highness the Duke of York,

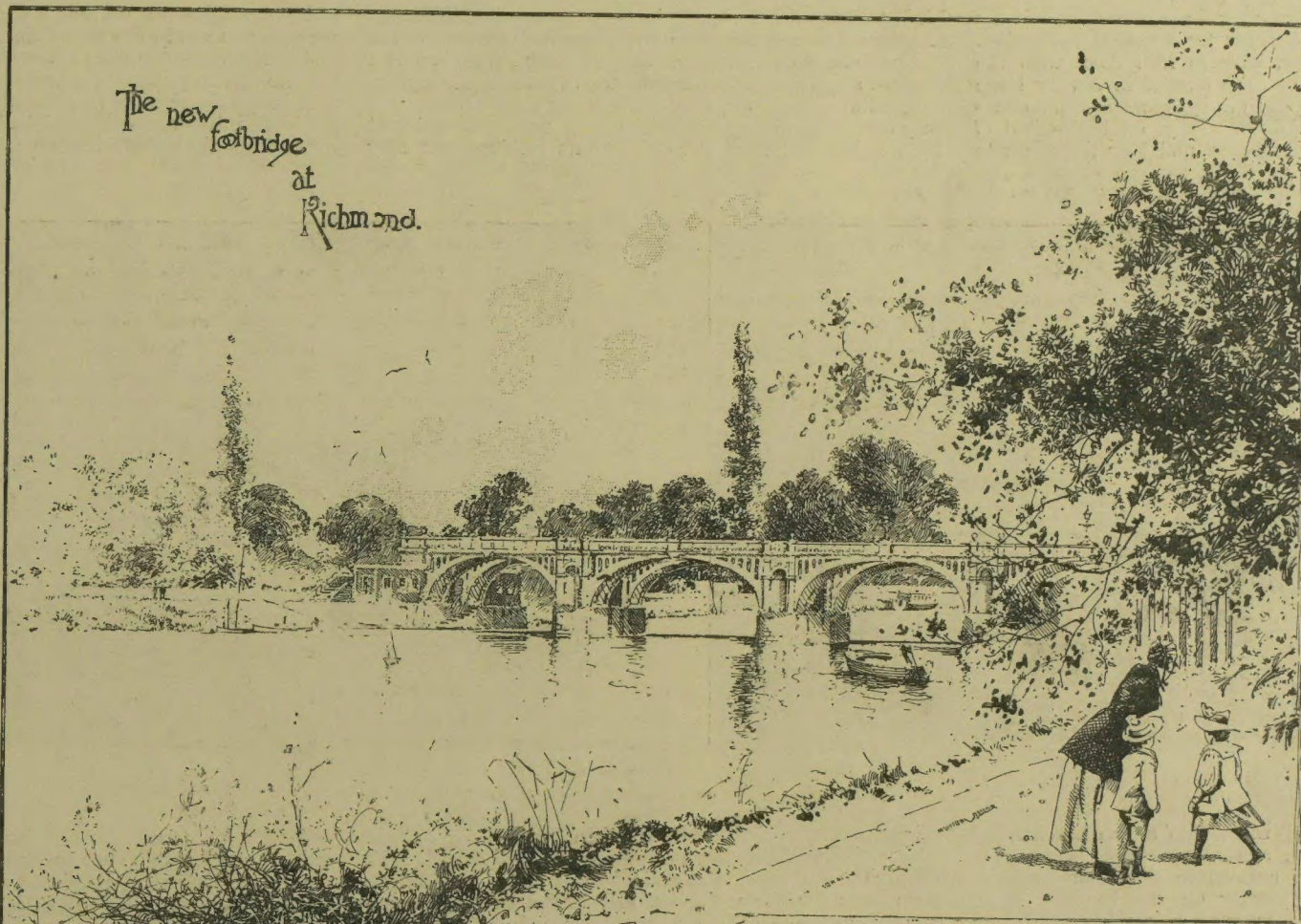
on Saturday, May 19, of the handsome and commodious structure which has been erected for the convenience of foot-passengers over the Thames at Richmond, is an event of some importance to the condition of the river, being connected with an engineering work of the Thames Conservancy Board, the construction of a lock with sluices raised or lowered by machinery on the bridge, to regulate the outflow of water at low tide. This work has been executed, at a cost of £61,000, from the designs of Mr. C. J. Moore, engineer to the Board.

THE CAPE TEAM OF CRICKETERS.

The arrival in England, at the end of April, of the fourteen notable Colonial cricket-players from the Cape of Good Hope, who are to play a series of matches against English teams in the ensuing season, has excited some interest among lovers of that game. Mr. H. H. Castens is captain of this team, which has been practising many days at Catford Bridge, near Lewisham, and will enter the field on May 21 at Sheffield Park.

"OLD ANTWERP."

One interesting feature of the International Exhibition lately opened at Antwerp by the King of the Belgians is the antiquarian typical reproduction of the architecture of the old city, which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries attained the highest commercial prosperity, and which was utterly crushed by the disasters it suffered under the tyranny of King Philip II. of Spain, and by the cruel persecution of its Protestant inhabitants, related in Motley's history. Old Antwerp was, before that period, so much associated with London by mercantile intercourse that English visitors to the present Exhibition should be inclined to bestow some attention upon its social and industrial aspects, while they cannot refuse their hearty congratulations to the modern Kingdom of Belgium upon the rapidly increasing traffic and wealth of this important seaport.



OPENED BY THE DUKE OF YORK
ON SATURDAY, MAY 19.

Hour," where the victim of a *mariage de convenance* hesitates for a moment to take the last step. The solitude in which the young girl has chosen to pass the last few moments before being hurried off, to say the fatal words which will bind her for all time, is admirably conveyed, as well as the innocent wonderment of the little bridesmaids, who have come to seek the bride. There is a touch of Mr. Orchardson in the work, but not enough to destroy Mr. Lorimer's claim to original treatment. "The Decoy," by Mr. John Collier, is another of the successful pictures of the year—the sweep of the woman's dress as she enters the porch, where death awaits her lover, is most masterful, and shows that Mr. Collier has once more taken up his place in the first rank of the outsiders. Mr. George H. Boughton's "Ordeal of Purity" is a picture which appeals more strongly to artists than to the general public, for its merit lies in his success in coping with difficulties of his own creation. Most painters would have avoided or evaded the problem of "relative values" which he has proposed and solved; just as few would have the courage shown by Mr. Stanley Wood in his very remarkable battle incident, in which the battery of horse artillery going into action seems to move before the eyes of the spectator. Mr. J. S. Sargent's mural decoration for the Boston Public Library can scarcely be judged to advantage from the fragment hoisted over the heads of the public. So far as it can be understood, it seems to depict the various false gods of Canaan in Egypt to which the children of Israel at times rendered service. The medium employed is of a complicated character, in which much gilding is interspersed, and possibly, when seen as a whole, will be very effective. Mr. Phil Morris and Mr. Robert Macbeth return to styles they have too long neglected for their own reputation; and Mr. Frank Bramley and Mr. La Thangue repeat, though more strongly than before, their conceptions of cottage life.

PARIS HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR CRIMINALS.

The massive pile of buildings which faces the Quai des Orfèvres on one side and the Quai de l'Horloge on the other comprises the House of Detention for criminals arrested in Paris, also the Criminal Investigation Department and the Courts of Justice—three separate departments connected by subterranean passages. The advantage of such an arrangement is obvious, for when once the prisoner is brought to the Dépôt, there is no necessity for him to be taken out of its precincts until the accusation against him has been thoroughly investigated, and he either leaves the prison a free man or is taken to some convict establishment. Pending his trial, he can be brought in charge of the police, at any hour of the day or in the night, through the dimly lit corridors to the private room of the Juge d'Instruction, who is charged with the investigation of his case, and thence sent back to his cell, without seeing any person but the officer in whose charge he is; and so it goes on until the day of his actual trial, when again he passes from his cell, through the same gloomy corridors, to appear in the big hall of the Cour d'Assises. The privacy and the expediency of this system may be deemed sufficiently interesting to offer inducements for a special description.

Entering by the heavy, massive iron door, with the usual rattling of keys, one finds oneself in a very large hall, where a space screened off by glass accommodates the principal warders on duty. They, on the arrival of prisoners, take down their names, and turn them over to



PRISONERS PREPARING FOR THE ANTHROPOMETRICAL EXAMINATION.

M. Bertillon, with a view to future personal identification. They are then marched into the large hall known as the "Grande Salle des Détenus," and are there left to their own devices, congregated indiscriminately. Smoking, sleeping, or strolling idly about, they while away their time as best they can, without any supervision save an occasional visit from a jailer. There were about one hundred and fifty

suddenly exclaimed, "There's a compatriot of yours here; perhaps you would like to see him?" I replied that I would, and on my way to the cell I discovered, in reply to an inquiry, that he was in prison "for writing too well," as my guide said in a whisper while he unlocked the cell-door. In the dimly lit interior, a tall, good-looking, slightly built man arose from the trestle-bed on which he had been seated,

buildings reserved for prisoners accused of graver crimes. Those I had before seen were simply persons arrested for such petty cases as are disposed of in the police-courts. In the case, however, of a man accused, say, of murder, or some other serious crime, he is placed in a cell by himself, or, if it is considered necessary—where, for example, it is apprehended that suicide might ensue—in company with a fellow prisoner. This plan of placing two prisoners together is also often resorted to when it is thought that by so doing a man may possibly be led to talk to his fellow-prisoner, and may say something useful to the ends of justice. The hall containing the separate confinement cells is very gloomy, and its mere aspect has a most depressing effect. All the cells at the time of my visit were occupied. In each cell-door is a small aperture through which the prisoners' food can be passed, and through which a clear view of the interior can be obtained. The furniture of each cell consists of a small iron bedstead, with blankets and pillows, a table and a chair. My guide pointed out some of the most noted of his charges, exhibiting them as curious specimens of humanity, and expressing his regret that he had no *cause célèbre*, a murderer or an Anarchist, on hand.

We were leaving the place, when he



FRESH ARRIVALS.

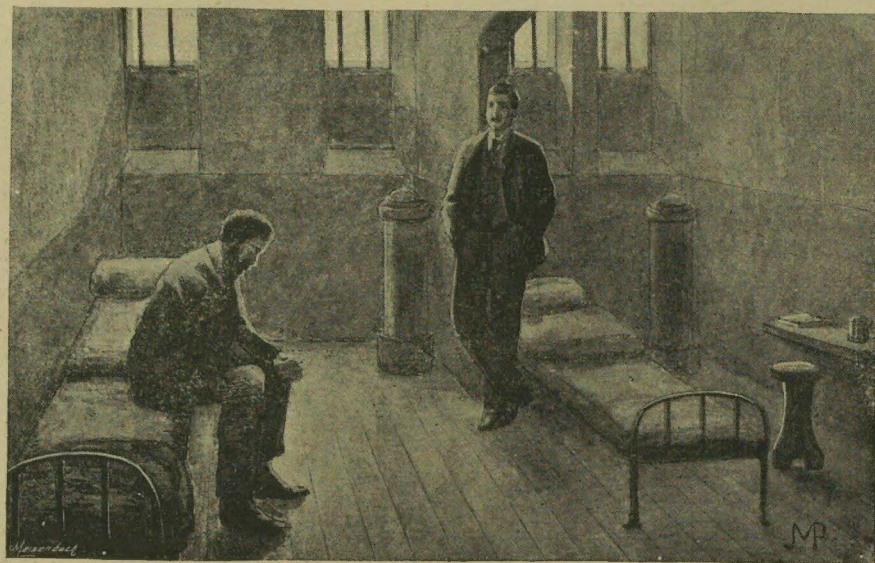
minor officials, who lead them into a special chamber where they are searched, and all portable property is taken from them. It is curious to see a long row of hulking ruffians sitting meekly on the benches along the walls, and to consider that many of these men are the worst of desperadoes, who have, perhaps, needed a force of gendarmes to arrest them.

After being searched they are marched off to the bath-house, where they have to make themselves clean whether they like it or not. About three minutes is allowed to each man, who is given a small portion of soft soap, while a hot-water douche is turned on in each bath-cell. All the bath attendants are good-conduct prisoners from various other prisons, who are paid a small amount for their menial occupations in the Dépôt, and who wear a distinctive dress. While the bathing operations are proceeding the prisoner's clothes are taken away to be fumigated by a patent process which occupies but a few seconds, and which, without actually cleaning the clothes, effectually destroys any animal life they may contain. On leaving the bath, the prisoners are invested with a sort of bathing-gown, which serves the double purpose of costume and towel, and pass into an adjacent room, where their clothes are handed back to them.

Having put on their clothes, they are sent, under the care of a couple of guards, to the "Anthropometrical" department, where they are duly measured and photographed in accordance with the system of

prisoners in the Grande Salle when I made my sketch. Along the wall are large sleeping-shelves, folded back during the day to serve as seats, but at night let down to form beds for the prisoners. No covers or blankets are allowed, as the place is sufficiently warmed, and undressing is therefore left optional.

On leaving the Salle Commune, I was conducted to the



A DOUBLE CELL.

and with no trace of confusion or shame gave us a cordial greeting. "How are you getting on?" inquired my guide. In excellent French my "compatriot" replied that he would do better if the place were not so dirty; and added pompously that it was absurd to imagine that he could have a satisfactory wash in the little tin basin with which he was provided.

When, much to his surprise, I greeted him in English, and asked him if he found things really so bad, he rejoined, with the air of a noble hero wrongfully accused, that I, as an Englishman, could imagine how he missed his morning tub. However, he added that he was only in there for a few days, for all he had done was to put his brother's name to a few papers, and that he had been arrested in France for so doing; but he had done nothing wrong, since he was really possessed of his brother's power-of-attorney. It mattered little, as he would soon be released. I subsequently learnt, however, that my "compatriot" was tried, and got five years' penal servitude for his offence.

The feeding arrangements at the Dépôt are conducted, practically, on similar lines to those of other French prisons—namely, that of a *cantine*, where prisoners having money can purchase, at fixed rates, certain articles beyond the daily fare provided in the prison. This is a further proof of the inapplicability of the maxim, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"; for the rich man has one kind of diet and the poor man has another.—JULIUS M. PRICE.



GRANDE SALLE DES DÉTENU.



OLD ANTWERP, AT THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Windsor, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Alix of Hesse. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of York have visited her Majesty. The Queen held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, May 10.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, May 14, left London to join the Princess of Wales and his daughters at Sandringham, but returned next day to Marlborough House.

On Saturday, May 12, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of York, inaugurated the summer season of the Imperial Institute, and opened an exhibition of artistic and decorative pottery, china, and glass in the North Gallery. This is the first of a series intended to illustrate the industries and manufactures of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord Rosebery, with Sir William Harcourt, Lord Herschell, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and other Ministers, was received at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday evening, May 9, when addresses were delivered in favour of the prospects of the Liberal party. On the same day, at Newmarket races, Lord Rosebery's colt, Ladas, won the Two Thousand Guineas stakes.

On Tuesday, May 15, Lord Rosebery visited Portsmouth Dockyard, inspected the building of H.M.S. *Majestic*, and witnessed the working of great guns by hydraulic power on board H.M.S. *Revenge*.

At the meeting of the London School Board on May 10, Mr. Bruce called attention to certain questions put by the Rev. J. Coxhead, chairman of the Scripture sub-committee, to candidates for appointment to head teacherships, and moved that these questions were in direct violation of the spirit of the undertaking given by the Board to its teachers that their religious opinions should in no way prejudice their position. After a discussion the motion was carried by twenty-nine to three. Mr. Barnes asked for precedence for a motion rescinding the resolution approving the circular to teachers. This was rejected by twenty to eighteen, whereupon Mr. Barnes presented papers signed by 3110 teachers asking to be exempted from the duty of giving religious instruction.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel held its annual meeting on May 10 in St. James's Hall. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and among the speakers were the Bishops of Cape Town, Lahore, Iowa, and Lebombo.

The United States cruiser *Chicago*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Henry Erben, commanded by Captain A. T. Mahan, arrived in the Thames on May 9, and, having saluted Tilbury Fort, dropped anchor off Gravesend town pier. It is intended to invite the American naval officers to a banquet in honour of their flag and country, and of themselves personally; Captain Mahan is well known as a writer on naval history.

The first division or squadron of the German Imperial Fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral Köster, arrived on May 10 in the Firth of Forth, and proceeded to St. Margaret's Hope, Queensferry. It was welcomed by the Corporation of Edinburgh inviting the officers and men to a series of entertainments held on Saturday, May 12, in honour of the visit of the fleet.

Whit Monday, favoured by fine sunny weather, allowed hundreds of thousands of London people to enjoy their holiday in the country or in suburban places of recreation. The railway passenger traffic on most of the lines was very slightly below the amount on the Whit Monday of 1893; the number of visitors to Kew Gardens was 102,000; to the Crystal Palace, 54,815; to the new Wembley Park, opened on Saturday, 42,500; to the Earl's Court Exhibition, 36,286; and to the Zoological Society's Gardens, 26,627.

Whit Monday was a busy day with a large proportion of the metropolitan Volunteers, who were engaged in target practice, especially field firing, as well as in long-distance signalling. Lieutenant Lethbridge, the Signalling Officer in the Home District, had drawn his plans on the assumption that an enemy threatened a descent upon the coast between Margate and the Swale, which separates the Isle of Sheppey from the mainland; and that, while a British fleet lay at the mouth of the Thames, an army corps whose headquarters and one division were at Maidstone had other divisions at Ashford and Canterbury. The South London Brigade furnished signallers for eight stations from the Reculvers up to Chatham, whence the East London Brigade continued the stations to Gravesend; the West London Brigade to Caterham, and the North London Brigade occupied a section thirty-one miles long to Aldershot; some battalions were engaged also in field-firing at Pirbright and Bisley. There was Volunteer artillery practice at Sheerness and at Shoeburyness.

The new public park at Peckham Rye, acquired at a total cost of £51,000, of which the London County Council contributed £18,000, the Camberwell Vestry £20,000, and the Charity Commissioners £11,000, was opened on Whit Monday by Mr. John Hutton, Chairman of the County Council. The grounds have been carefully laid out, and provision has been made for cricket, tennis, and children's playgrounds.

The ninth annual display of the Cart-Horse Parade Society took place on Whit Monday in Regent's Park. There were 657 horses and 539 drivers. The distribution of prizes was performed by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, 163 drivers receiving first and 203 second prizes. Lord Wantage, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Sir Walter Gilbey, and Sir E. Henderson took part in the proceedings.

An impending strike of 5000 London cab-drivers, to take effect on Wednesday, May 16, has caused some uneasiness in the Metropolis. Their dispute is not concerning the public rate of cab-fares for passengers, but the charges made by the cab-proprietors, of whom the drivers hire the cabs and horses at sixteen shillings a day, more or less, varying in some instances or at certain seasons. A great meeting of cabmen was held at the Eden or Novelty Theatre, in Great Queen Street, on the eve of the proposed strike.

The new engineering laboratory of the University of Cambridge was opened by Lord Kelvin on Tuesday, May 15; the Vice-Chancellor, the Provost of King's College, presided at the ceremony, and Sir Frederick Bramwell, Professor Kennedy, and Professor Ewing, bore part in the delivery of speeches upon this occasion. The erection of the building is mainly due to the efforts of Professor Ewing.

A rare treat for lovers of old music has been provided at St. Martin's Hall, on successive evenings, beginning Tuesday, May 15, by the visit to London of the Amsterdam à Cappella Choir, under the direction of Mr. Daniel de Lange. These concerts are purely vocal, without any instrumental accompaniment, and their style is the very perfection of the art of part-singing. The pieces selected

of the various working-class organisations of Germany. This reception was acknowledged by Mr. Pickard, M.P., for the British delegates, and by representatives of the Belgian, Westphalian, and Austrian miners. Mr. Burt delivered an address. The congress has to consider a report presented by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

In the Hungarian Chamber of Magnates, the Civil Marriage Bill was rejected by 139 to 118 votes. The victory of the Opposition was due to the large number of ecclesiastics present. It is expected that the Bill will again be passed by the Lower Chamber and sent to the Upper House once more, possibly before the end of the month. The strike of miners at Mährisch Ostrau continues. In the encounter with the police eleven men were killed and more than thirty severely wounded.

There have been serious anti-Jewish riots, necessitating the interference of troops, and attended by the killing of many persons and by much destruction of property, at various places on the south-eastern frontier of Russia.

The bitter quarrel between rival political factions in the colony of Newfoundland has caused a serious election riot in the Bay de Verde district. A contingent of the supporters of the Government was attacked by a body of their opponents on the alleged incitement of Mr. Woods, the ex-Surveyor-General, who was lately unseated for corrupt practices. Three of the new Ministers were badly beaten, and the carriages in which they and their friends had been riding were thrown over the cliffs.

The President of the Brazilian Republic, Marshal Peixoto, has broken off diplomatic relations with Portugal, on account of the Portuguese naval squadron having given protection to the admirals and other officers of the defeated insurgents' squadron in the waters of the La Plata; but Brazil and Portugal are not likely to engage in mutual warfare just now.

Business continues to be paralysed at Buenos Ayres. In the opinion of legal authorities, the extradition treaty with Great Britain cannot be held to cover the case of Jabez Balfour.

From the Congo Free State there is news that the expedition formerly commanded by the late M. Van der Kerckhoven, and now under Captain Baert, was advancing towards the Nile in the vicinity of Lado, when it was driven



TENT-PEGGING CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR INDIAN CAVALRY.

for performances include some of the finest works of the ancient Dutch composers, from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, who preceded those of Italy and Germany; Obrecht, Ockeghem, and Sweelinck being three of the greatest masters of sacred music. It is an entertainment unique in character, and instructive as well as delightful.

A deplorable boating accident took place on Whit Monday near Felixstowe, in Suffolk, on the estuary of the Deben. A large family party had embarked for a sail to Bawdsley; the boat was upset, and six persons were drowned, Mrs. Stollery, two sons and a daughter, and two young nieces. Five of the party were saved.

The twenty-sixth annual Co-operative Conference was opened on May 14 at Sunderland, under the presidency of Mr. T. Weddle. His address dealt with the question of the disposal of profits. A paper was read by Mr. W. Openshaw, of London, on "Store Management." Statistics gave the number of co-operative societies at the close of last year as 1655, with 1,298,587 members, and an aggregate share capital of £14,556,960. The total net profit on the year's transactions has been £4,678,004.

The International Miners' Congress has met at Berlin, under the presidency of Mr. T. Burt, M.P. The delegates were welcomed by Herr Singer on behalf of the Social Democratic members of the Reichstag, and by representatives

back by Soudanese dervishes, and compelled to retreat. When last heard of, Captain Baert was at Nyangara, awaiting reinforcements.

The Iceland Althing recently passed a resolution in favour of the foundation of a University for the island. This was opposed by the Icelandic students at Copenhagen, and is not likely to be confirmed by the Government.

INDIAN MILITARY TENT-PEGGING CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The original Tent-Pegging Cup, having been won three times by the 18th Bengal Lancers, passed in 1892 permanently into their possession. At the Tent-Pegging Tournament at Mian Mir in 1893 the present centrepiece was first competed for, and was also won by the 18th Bengal Lancers. At the 1894 tournament it has been won by the 19th Bengal Lancers, who retain it until the next tournament. Being a challenge trophy, it can never pass permanently to any regiment. It was designed and manufactured in solid silver by the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, Regent Street, London, from whom miniatures of the statuette may be obtained. This represents the leading figure, "Taken," of Lady Butler's celebrated original picture, now in the possession of Mrs. Seymour Barrow, by whose courtesy the artist has been permitted to copy and reproduce the figure in statuette form.

PERSONAL.

The new Solicitor-General, Mr. Robert Reid, or Sir Robert Reid, as he will shortly be, was re-elected at Dumfries

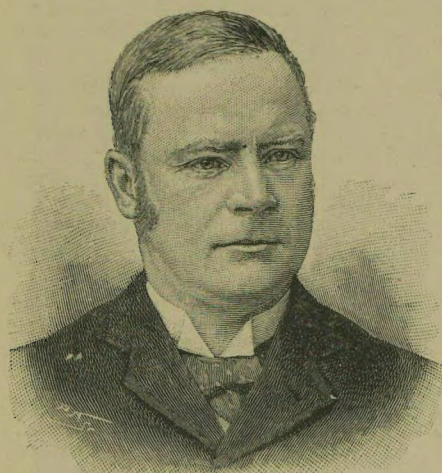


Photo by Russell and Sons.
MR. ROBERT REID, Q.C., M.P.,
The New Solicitor-General.

without opposition, but not in time to vote in the critical division on the second reading of the Budget. Mr. Reid's advancement has given general satisfaction to the Bar, and he is an undoubted acquisition to the oratorical strength of the Ministry in the House of Commons. The Solicitor-General has not been a frequent speaker in the House, but he is always welcome in debate on account of an argumentative capacity which is entirely free from the vice of special pleading. Everyone who knows the House can name two or three distinguished barristers who habitually fail in Parliamentary speaking because of the constant suggestion of the brief. Mr. Reid, on the other hand, contrives to convey the impression of invincible conviction, appealing to the unreasonable obstinacy of opponents. Of mere partisanship there is no trace in Mr. Reid, who seems to have no ambition except to diffuse an atmosphere of disinterestedness in a sphere too often afflicted by the mephitic vapours of party spirit.

The Mace writes: "The adjournment of the House of Commons for Whitsuntide was signalled by a Ministerial victory over the combined forces of the Opposition and the Parnellites. Mr. Clancy explained that the followers of Mr. Redmond took exception to the Budget because it increased the taxation of Ireland, whereas every financier knew that the contribution of the Irish to the Imperial revenue was already excessive. I am afraid nobody paid much attention to Mr. Clancy's argument. His speech was in the air, but his vote was intended to destroy the Government. The Nationalists, indifferent to Irish sentiment about whisky, went to the division in a solid array, and saved the Government by a majority of fourteen. The closing speeches were very unequal. Mr. Balfour's was scarcely in his happiest vein, but Sir William Harcourt has probably never been heard to such advantage. He made unsparing use of the well-known differences of opinion among the Opposition leaders with regard to finance, and he defended his scheme with a force and ability which had the effect of depriving the Opposition of Mr. Courtney's vote. But a majority of fourteen is a precarious tenure, even for the most confident of Ministers."

Londoners are not greatly disturbed by the threatened cab strike. At the worst it promises the withdrawal of about two-thirds of the cabs which usually ply for hire, and it is not impossible that, so far as the public are concerned, we can rub along fairly well with the remaining third. There are too many cabs in London for the general needs. They have not declined in numbers, despite the increased facilities of communication by train, omnibus, and tram. The vast majority of Londoners never have any occasion to take a cab. This means a decrease in the profits of the business, and consequent complaint from the men, who cannot live and pay the charges imposed by cab proprietors. Hence the growing discontent of "cabby" with what the irate citizen tells him is his proper fare. The observant philanthropist notices moreover a much greater irritability on the cab-ranks, and an alarming proportion of drivers who seem ready on the smallest provocation to behave like the cabman who gave Mr. Pickwick a famous lesson in the art of boxing.

The deadly climate of Central Africa has claimed one more victim, but never was a nobler life sacrificed for the people of the Dark Continent than that of Charles Alan Smythies, the third Bishop of the "Universities Mission" in that country. The news of his death was quite unexpected, and when it was announced by the Primate at the S.P.G. meeting last week it sent something akin to a thrill of horror through the audience, for Bishop Smythies was no ordinary man. He was something more than a missionary: he was a statesman, and a more able representative of the English Church there could not well have been. His influence in Central Africa was very great, and the natives loved and trusted him. He was appointed to the bishopric (then vacant by the death of Bishop Steere, who had succeeded Bishop Mackenzie) in 1893. At that time he was

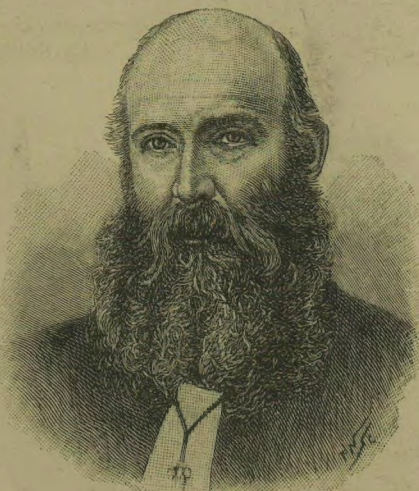


Photo by Samuel A. Walker.
THE LATE BISHOP SMYTHIES.

very little known to the outside world, but he had done ten years' good solid work at Roath, near Cardiff, first as curate and afterwards as vicar. No doubt one of the reasons which led to his nomination was his exceptionally strong physique. He was a tall, well-built man, and his long flowing beard added to his imposing appearance. But the climate of Central Africa made dreadful ravages upon his constitution—not at first, but after the lapse of a few years—and when he was last in England (his visits to this country were few and far between) his appearance told only too truly of impaired health and greatly weakened strength. Still, it was hoped he had many years of usefulness before him, and he returned to his work, after a short furlough, refreshed and strengthened. The news of his death from fever has, therefore, come with all the greater shock upon his large and ever-increasing circle of friends.

The Right Rev. Charles Alan Smythies, D.D., was a graduate of Cambridge University, taking his B.A. degree in 1867 and his M.A. four years later. He served as curate of Great Marlow before going to Roath. He acted as curate at the latter place for eight years (1872-80), and then succeeded to the incumbency. But "the missionary call" had been upon him for some years, and when in 1883 he was invited to go to Central Africa, as Bishop, at once consented, although at that time the district was in a very disturbed state. His University conferred upon him the degree of D.D., and he was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on Nov. 30, 1883. He was a very decided High Churchman, but he quickly won all hearts. The late Bishop Hannington, who belonged to quite another school of thought, was greatly impressed by him, and it is interesting to recall now the following passage from Hannington's journal. Writing of a visit he paid in February 1885 to Bishop Smythies at Zanzibar, Hannington said: "The Bishop (Smythies) held a confirmation. Mitre and cope. Address very good. After

recommend itself to the head of a Government of which Mr. Asquith is so conspicuous a member.

Mr. Henry Morley, who has died at a good old age, was less known as Professor of English History at University College, London, and Principal of University Hall than as the expositor and populariser of English literature. The chief monument of his labours is "Morley's Universal Library," of which sixty-three volumes have been published. He edited other "libraries," and was engaged, even up to the time of his death, in writing a history of literature in countless volumes under the title of "English Writers." His "First Sketch of English Literature" has had an enormous vogue. Without being in any sense a fine critic, he was instrumental in the circulation of much excellent reading. As a scholar Henry Morley had few pretensions,



Photo by Bascano.
THE LATE PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY.



INSPECTION OF THE LONDON DIOCESAN CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE BY LORD STANMORE, AT BENTLEY PRIORY.

the services of the day, in the cool of the afternoon, I had a long talk with the Bishop: with all his ritualism he is strong on the point of conversion, and is very particular about baptism and confirmation not being administered before conversion, either to heathen or professing Christians." When the life of Bishop Smythies comes to be written the biographer will have ample material to work upon, but nothing that can be said can express too highly the love, zeal, and devotion which characterised all his work.

The political event of the week is the resignation of Mr. Mundella. Owing to his connection with the New Zealand Loan Company, into whose affairs a judicial inquiry has been made, Mr. Mundella has found it impossible to hold an office which in such cases acts as an executive tribunal. The President of the Board of Trade could not sit in judgment on himself as a company director. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Mundella, who has incurred no personal discredit, and who is one of the victims of a commercial system which is certainly open to improvement. The custom by which public men join boards of directors, when they are unable to give the necessary personal supervision to complicated affairs, is sufficiently condemned by the resignation of one of the most competent administrators in the Government. Mr. Mundella is an old and valued public servant, greatly esteemed by all parties, and his misfortune should have the effect of rousing public opinion to demand a reform of this system of irresponsible directorates.

Mr. Mundella's retirement imposes on Lord Rosebery the necessity of choosing another President of the Board of Trade. Lord Tweedmouth's name is mentioned, but it would be impossible to have the head of the Board of Trade in the House of Lords. Mr. Acland may be promoted, and failing him, there is Mr. Sydney Buxton, who would be much more at home in Mr. Mundella's old post than he is in the Colonial Office. All Mr. Buxton's political studies have lain within a sphere over which the Board of Trade exercises no inconsiderable influence. The only objection to his advancement is that his official career has been so short, but that is scarcely an objection which should

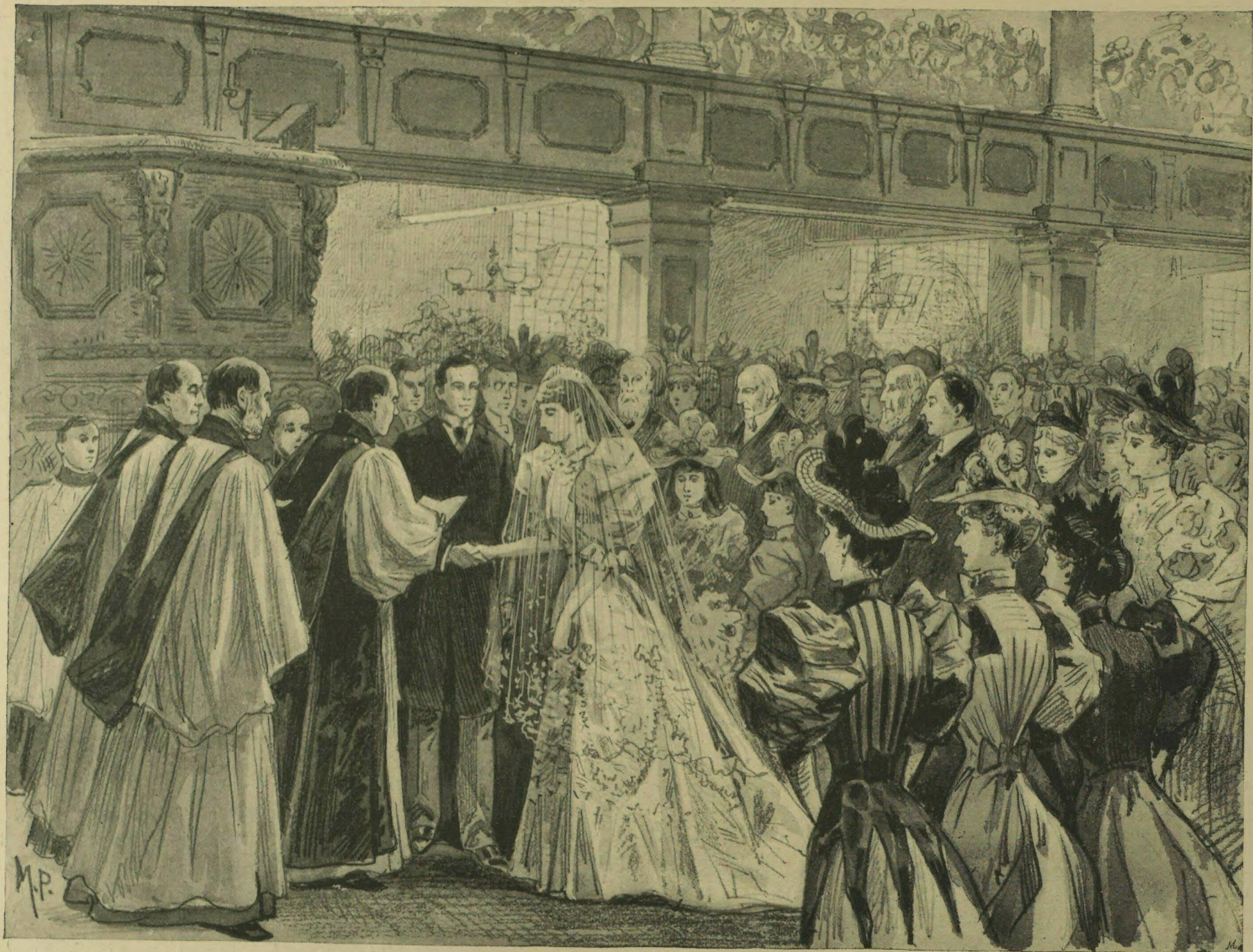
and his work as an editor may have no permanent value. His lectures were not less well known than his writings, and he undoubtedly helped to stimulate the love of books among the classes to whom books are generally exotics.

Mr. Haldane, Q.C., is engaged in a remarkable case before the Privy Council. That body is to consider the important question whether the Channel Islands have a Constitution, and on this point Mr. Haldane, who represents Guernsey, is expected to speak for a week. This ought to be extremely gratifying to the inhabitants of Guernsey, which has not hitherto distinguished itself in the realm of constitutional law, but enjoys a modest renown as a charming little island and as the home of Victor Hugo's exile for many years.

We omitted to state in connection with Mr. Herbert Schmalz's picture in the New Gallery, entitled, "A Gift for the Gods" (reproduced in our issue of May 5), that the proprietor of the copyright was Mr. L. H. Lefèvre, 1A, King Street, St. James's Square, whose courteous permission to publish was accorded to us.

THE CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

The London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Young Men, under the management of a committee of which the Rev. Prebendary Whittington is chairman, and which includes the Bishops of Marlborough and Bedford, has been accustomed, in the summer season, to establish a seaside camp for the recreation of London boys of the working class, under the command of a military officer, on the coast of East Kent, where last year fifteen hundred lads enjoyed healthy exercise, swimming, open-air sports, and bodily training, with other pleasant and wholesome entertainments. There is a Church Lads' Brigade for military drill and ambulance instruction. On Whit Monday, by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gordon, they were enabled to visit Bentley Priory, Stanmore, and were inspected by Lord Stanmore; the Bishop of Marlborough, Mr. F. Gordon, and other friends were present.



WEDDING OF MR. ASQUITH, HOME SECRETARY, TO MISS MARGOT TENNANT, AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

W. V. Simkins (Manager).. S. H. Sewell. G. S. Kempis. D. C. Davey. F. Hearne. C. Mills. J. Middleton. A. W. Secull.



T. Routledge. G. Cripps. H. H. Castens (Captain). L. C. Johnston. A. E. Halliwell.
G. Rowe. D. C. Parkin. G. Glover.

THE CAPE TEAM OF CRICKETERS, WHO BEGIN PLAY ON MAY 21, AT SHEFFIELD PARK.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

"At the present moment," remarked Veronica lazily, "I am perfectly happy, comfortable and contented. I wonder how many other people there are now in this country who could say the same thing—or would, if they could!"

"The population of the United Kingdom is, I believe, thirty-eight millions odd," answered Joe. "Probably we shall be making a liberal allowance if we estimate that twenty persons out of the lot are as highly blessed as you are, and have the decency to acknowledge it. Sorry I can't include my own name in the select band, but a *proxime accessit* is as much as I feel justified in allowing myself. I want but little here below, only I want just a little bit more than I have got."

The boat in which they were seated lay motionless and half hidden by tall rushes in a quiet backwater of the river; overhead the August sun was blazing out of a cloudless sky. Veronica, reclining beneath a white sunshade upon a pile of cushions, was enjoying that delight in mere existence and absolute idleness which is so seldom granted to us northern islanders, while her cousin, clad in flannels, with his sleeves rolled up and his elbows upon his knees, was placidly smoking the short pipe which was rather more often between his lips than it ought to have been at his age.

Veronica laughed. "What makes you such a thoroughly satisfactory companion, Joseph," said she, "is that you are so unsophisticated. Now, if you had been mixing in good society ever since the spring, as I have, you would have felt it simply imperative upon you to swear that the actual situation was a sort of foretaste of Paradise."

"Do you suppose that anything would make me talk such rot as that to you?" asked Joe disgustedly. "If you want to be flattered and humbugged you had better send for some of your smart London friends, or telegraph for old Mostyn, who always has a large surplus stock of sugary speeches on hand. From me, my beloved Veronica, you will never hear anything but the truth; and the truth is that I am jolly glad to be sitting here and talking to you again."

"Well, didn't I tell you that you were satisfactory? Only I wish you hadn't said that you wanted more than you had got, because that reminds me of the quantity of things which I want, and am not at all likely to get—and my object was to put them out of mind for the time being."

Joe shook his head. "I fear, Veronica," said he, "that you did not profit as you might have done by last Sunday's discourse. In all my experience I have never met with anyone who preached the duty of taking things easy more persistently than the rector of this parish, and I may add that I have seldom met anyone who practised it less. However, that is neither here nor there. What are all these things that you want so badly, if one may ask?"

"Perhaps I ought rather to have said that there are things of which I want to get rid," answered Veronica; "but never mind. I am rid of them temporarily, at all events."

"Now, look here, my dear girl," said Joe impressively, "don't you go ridding yourself of your landed estates, whatever you do. Think of others. Think of me, for example, and of the bitter disappointment that it would be to me to be debarred from shooting your coverts when the time comes. I have nothing to say against a compromise, mind you; I have told you, ever since you came back and I heard your account of that chap Trevor, that in my opinion you couldn't bestow your affections more worthily than upon him. Then you would feel that you had behaved handsomely, the property would be his as well as yours, and everybody would be pleased. Because I don't think so meanly of you as to imagine that you would ever consent to become his wife without



The boat in which they were seated lay motionless and half hidden by tall rushes in a quiet backwater of the river.

stipulating that I should be invited to Broxham whenever there was a big shoot on."

This time Veronica did not laugh. "Unfortunately, that compromise is out of the question," she said; "Horace Trevor and I are quite of one mind as to the impossibility of it."

"Oh, you have talked it over together, then?"

"Yes, we talked it over, and we agreed that our mutual liking was not of the kind that could be made to do. Besides, there are other obstacles. I don't know how I am to manage matters so as to do the best that I can for you all, and you have completely destroyed my comfort by introducing the horrid subject. Pull me down stream again and let us talk about something else—foxes or badgers, or what you please. Wasn't it to the badgers' earths that you and Nipper went off before breakfast this morning?"

Joe had plenty to say upon that engrossing topic, and was quite willing to comply with Veronica's request. He never forced her confidences, being well aware that she generally ended by telling him almost everything, and having a much more real sympathy with her perplexities than his speech betrayed. She, on her side, knew that she could rely upon his comprehension and sympathy, but she also knew that Joe had too much common sense to approve of her despoiling herself of her inheritance in favour of Dolly Cradock, and that was why she had not mentioned Dolly's name to him. Indeed, as she had avowed, her one great wish was to forget for a while the complex burdens which had come upon her together with what everybody still persisted in calling her extraordinary good luck. She would have to take them up again soon; during those few weeks of summer she desired to ignore them and to revert to the old days when she had been less envied and a good deal less unenviable.

But to put the clock back is a feat which has never yet been accomplished by man or woman with any perceptible effect upon the passage of time, and although Veronica tried very hard to persuade herself that she was unchanged, her uncle and aunt were always at hand to point out to her what a fallacy that was. They were kindness itself to her, those good people, and they had also—after some protest—allowed her to be kind to them in a pecuniary sense, which was a comfort so far as it went. But it would have been worse than useless even to hint in their hearing at her fixed determination to resign the estate which had been bequeathed to her, and it was always rather a sore point with Veronica that they were willing to acquiesce with such alacrity in her departure from the home of her childhood.

"Well, you see, my dear," Mrs. Dimsdale said, in answer to some tentative reproaches which were addressed to her on that score, "it is very much the same thing as if you were going to be married, and naturally I have always hoped that you would marry. I am sure I have felt it as a horrid wrench when our own girls have left us; still, one knows that it is what Providence intended them to do, and that children can't be children for ever. One thinks of their happiness, not of one's own."

"Only the difference between them and me is that I am not going to be married," objected Veronica.

"Oh, you are going to be married," returned her aunt, laughing. "Perhaps, if you were to make a point of it, I could even tell you the name of the man whom you are going to marry."

That closed Veronica's lips and the conversation. The unanimity with which all who took an interest in her had decided that it was her manifest destiny to become Mrs. Horace Trevor almost made her wish that Horace himself was less obstinately recalcitrant. The only dissentient voice had been that of Mr. Mostyn, and the moral support of Mr. Mostyn was not just then available, the poet having crossed the Channel to refresh himself by communings with French men of letters, among whom he was highly esteemed. Harbury Vale, therefore, was not what it had been in days of yore, nor could all the making-believe in the world render it so; and when Joe left for Lincolnshire, in order to obtain practical experience of harvesting operations, Veronica was not disinclined to bring her own holiday to an end.

It turned out, however, that her new home could not be prepared for her reception at quite so early a date as had been anticipated. Mrs. Mansfield, who was already at Broxham, and who had most kindly undertaken the management of all necessary details, wrote to say that there was still a great deal to be done, and that the partridges would have to remain unmolested, she feared, until the end of September. "Of course, I shall be delighted to have you with me, dear, if you care to come at once; but I am afraid it would be dreadfully dull for you, because we can't ask people to stay until the bed-rooms have been made tidy. Poor dear Samuel lived so much alone latterly, and I have been obliged to dismiss the housekeeper, who had become so rude and independent that I am sure you would never have been able to stand her. As for Horace, he has had an invitation to a Scotch deer-forest, which he says he could not resist; but he promises to be with us for the first of the covert-shooting. So please do as you like about coming here; only don't think yourself bound to lend me a hand, for, troublesome as it is, I can do very well without help, and I should like you to have a more pleasant first impression of the place than you would get if you were to see it in its present dismantled condition."

Veronica rightly interpreted this as a meaning that Mrs. Mansfield was revelling in the choice of upholstery and did not wish to be interfered with. Accordingly, she remained where she was, being made heartily welcome to do so, although her Aunt Elizabeth could not help expressing some surprise at her indifference respecting a very important matter.

"I really do think I should want to see my own furniture before I bought it—not to speak of engaging my own servants!" the good lady exclaimed.

But Veronica knew that neither furniture nor servants would be hers for long, and her wish was to shorten as far as might be the prelude to the pre-arranged domestic drama.

She had rehearsed it all in advance—Horace's arrival, which must be speedily followed by that of Dolly Cradock; the opportunities that were to be given them for coming to a mutual understanding, the temporary despondency of the lovers, and then her own more or less graceful retirement. With a little management success ought to be her reward; but she was impatient to begin, and it would be time enough for her to step upon the stage when the curtain should be ready to rise.

It was through a curtain of mist and rain that her eyes at length beheld the large and substantial, but not very imposing mansion of which she was the mistress. A solid, stone-coloured house, with a Greek portico and a number of box windows, encircled by a rather meagre flower-garden, standing in the midst of a level park, where there were some fine trees, and hemmed in on all sides by distant woods—this was what she saw as she was driven rapidly from the station in the carriage which had been sent to meet her on that stormy autumn evening, and she said to herself that she would, at least, be able to resign that residence without a single pang of regret. It was not in the least beautiful, and it did not look like the sort of place to which one could ever become much attached. However, when the carriage drew up at the door, and she was admitted into a spacious, well-lighted hall, where a cheerful wood-fire was blazing, and where busts, tall Oriental vases, Persian rugs and Japanese screens had been arranged in an artistic fashion, she had to admit that Broxham was a good deal more attractive within than without. And the affectionate embrace of Aunt Julia, who came out to greet her, followed by Lord Chippenham, was pleasanter than the respectful, furtive scrutiny of the butler and the footman, who relieved her of her wraps. Perhaps the servants regarded Mrs. Mansfield, who had engaged them, as their mistress, rather than the young lady from whom they had been told they were in future to take their orders; and certainly Mrs. Mansfield appeared to have made herself very much at home, having, as she presently informed Veronica, invited one or two people, besides Lord Chippenham, "just to keep the place warm for you."

"I hope you don't mind, dear," she added. "You won't find any of them at all troublesome to entertain."

Veronica did not mind in the least; on the contrary, she was extremely grateful to her aunt for having so ably replaced her, and she expressed her gratitude while she was being led into a comfortable library where half-a-dozen ladies and a couple of young men were grouped round the tea-table.

"Oh, I have done nothing," declared Mrs. Mansfield, who nevertheless thought that she deserved some thanks. "I have only got rid of some of poor Samuel's impossible old retainers, who had already been fully provided for in his will and who didn't care to stay. And I have pulled the furniture about and spent a little of your money—that is all. I think you will find everything in tolerably good order, and now that you have come, I am delighted to surrender the reins of government to you."

But it soon became evident that that surrender would be far from delightful to her; nor was she called upon to make it, save nominally. Veronica sat at the head of the table and held a long obligatory conference with the agent and the bailiff on the following morning; but it was Mrs. Mansfield who saw the housekeeper after breakfast and drew up the programme for the day. She said: "Perhaps I had better continue to look after things for you until you have shaken down into your place," and she was assured that the longer she was kind enough to do so the better her niece would be pleased.

It is not certain that Veronica, who had clear ideas of the duties belonging to every station of life, would have been equally complaisant had she looked upon herself as being in any real sense the proprietress of the Broxham estate; but since she meant to turn her back upon it at the earliest possible opportunity she was only too glad to make Aunt Julia happy by self-effacement. Meanwhile, she had a pleasant enough time of it for the next ten days. The house, if not magnificent, was comfortable and home-like; there was a charming old walled garden within easy reach of it where one could wander and explore without being thought neglectful of one's guests; Aunt Julia's friends, of whom several relays arrived and left during the above-mentioned period, were very nice easy-going sort of people, who rose late in the morning, seemed to be satisfied with a drive in the afternoon, and entertained one another. As for the men, they were out shooting all day long; Lord Chippenham took charge of them pending the advent of Horace, who was expected to make his appearance from Scotland shortly. That Horace, when he came, would act as the *de facto* master of the establishment was evidently taken for granted by its inmates, both permanent and temporary. Indeed, so far as grooms, gamekeepers, beaters and other outdoor dependents were concerned, he had, it seemed, acted in that capacity for some years past.

He arrived late one evening, looking very well and sun-burnt, and Veronica noticed at once, with great satisfaction, that he had discarded the embarrassed and somewhat sullen manner which had provoked her during the latter part of her sojourn in London. This she took as a sign that he had now realised the absurdity of the misgivings as to which he had then pleaded guilty, and that he was ready to meet her once more upon the old friendly footing. Such was, in truth, his laudable intention and desire. Months of fresh air and hard exercise had done so much for him that he was able by this time, as he believed, to put a good face upon unalterable facts. Veronica most certainly was not for him; he had been a deplorable idiot to fall in love with her, and a still greater idiot to let her discover his idiocy; but he had now come to his senses, and he hoped to make it quite clear to her that her friendship was all that he asked. Of Dolly Cradock and the circumstances under which he had parted from her it has to be confessed that he had thought very little indeed in the course of an enjoyable summer and autumn. It is the destiny of these light-hearted young ladies to be forgotten as readily as they are wont to forget, and had not she herself

said that an episode upon which it was not altogether pleasant to look back was to have no consequences?

"And what have you been doing all this long time?" Veronica wanted to know, when he crossed the long drawing-room to seat himself beside her after dinner on the evening of his arrival.

"Well," he answered, "I expect you would say that I have been doing nothing. I have been yachting a little, and I have been fishing and shooting. That's what you call sheer waste of time, isn't it?"

"I don't know; it just depends upon whether there was any better use for you to make of your time, and I should hardly think that there was. Besides, I have been absolutely idle myself; so that it doesn't become me to condemn my neighbours."

"I should have thought you would have been as busy as a bee," said Horace, looking admiringly round him. "You have beautified this old barrack out of all recognition. How do you like the place, now that you have taken possession of it?"

"Oh, pretty well," answered Veronica, "but the beautifying has been Aunt Julia's work, and of course Broxham can never seem like home to me. I have no associations with it, as you have. You will find any number of humble friends eager to welcome you to-morrow, and I do hope that, in charity to me, you mean to stay a long time. I have already had to promise faithfully that you will hunt from here this season."

Horace laughed and made a grimace. "I shall have to explain to these good folks that times have changed, I see," said he. "I'll stay a week or two for the covert shooting, if you'll have me; but as for hunting, that's another affair. To begin with, I haven't anything to ride."

"I was to tell you that every care has been taken of the dun horse and the little bay, and that they are both of them in first-rate condition."

"Glad to hear it; but they are your horses, not mine, remember."

"That doesn't seem to be the general opinion. Uncle Samuel bought them for you, I am told; and even if they are legally my property, they are of about as much use to me as a pair of giraffes would be. So please take them away, if you want to take them away, though we shall all feel rather hurt by your choosing to hunt in another country."

Horace could not afford to hunt in any country; but he did not want to keep on alluding to his poverty, and, as a matter of fact, the temptation held out to him was a very hard one to resist. Therefore, he only said, after a pause. "But I can't live here, you know, Veronica."

"But you can stay here sometimes, as you used to do," she returned. "You have only to substitute me—or rather, Aunt Julia—for Uncle Samuel, and from all that I hear, the change will be a change for the better in some respects."

Horace did not contradict her. Later, it would no doubt be necessary to explain that he could not accept such unbounded hospitality; but for the moment he was unwilling to make difficulties. Besides, to tell the truth, he did think that it would be rather jolly to have just three or four more days with the old hounds.

So all this was as satisfactory as possible, and it only remained to summon Dolly Cradock forthwith.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WISDOM OF JOSEPH.

Which of us, if we lived in a Palace of Truth, would not have to confess, to his shame, that there have been moments when he has rejoiced to see the retreating backs of his best friends? One's best friends, animated by the best intentions, have, unhappily, a way of sometimes behaving very like one's worst enemies; and it was, therefore, with heartfelt relief that Horace Trevor heard Lord Chippenham say—

"Well, my dear boy, I am sorry to have to make a bolt for it just as you arrive, but I was due on the other side of England a week ago, and I have only remained at my post because Julia begged me to do so until you came to relieve guard." He added significantly, "I hope and trust that she will have some good news to send me about you before long. I don't want to interfere; you must settle it among you in your own way, but what the dickens is the object of this delay is more than I can understand."

Horace took very good care not to enlighten him. One great comfort was that his impatience did not appear to be shared by Mrs. Mansfield, who maintained a discreet reserve and loyally kept her promise of troubling her nephew no further, although it was easy to perceive that she had not abandoned all hope. Mrs. Mansfield, indeed, had the wit to realise that if the young man could only be kept long enough at Broxham, the situation would become such that there would be practically only one way out of it.

But this was a view of the matter which suggested itself neither to Horace nor to Veronica. Each being very far from comprehending the other, they speedily dropped back into their former pleasant relations, which could not possibly have been resumed, had they been less blind, and for some little time, at all events, they failed to notice that everybody with whom they were brought into contact regarded their ultimate marriage as a foregone conclusion. Horace and the other men who were staying in the house shot all day and every day; in the evenings there were but few opportunities for private intercourse, and when Veronica did happen to get him alone for a few minutes, she generally profited by the occasion to consult him upon some point connected with the management of the property which she hoped to transfer to him before he should be much older. It was encouraging to find that he took a keen interest in such questions; nor did she ever neglect to mention how profoundly uninteresting they were to her.

Deferred hope had, however, to be submitted to a little longer; for Dolly Cradock, who had been promptly communicated with, wrote to say that she would not be available

just yet. "I have a few engagements which promise rather too well to be sacrificed," she explained; "but I will be with you before the frost sets in, unless the climate plays us some nasty trick. My love to your cousin Horace. I hear he is having a rare time of it at Broxham, bossing the whole show and inviting whole squads of men to be entertained by you. Tell him not to go away before I come, and to find me a mount of some sort. I will say for him that he knows something about horses, but I don't believe much in his shooting. Still, I dare say his friends help him to make up a respectable bag, and he must enjoy giving orders where he used to receive them. I hope he reads family prayers morning and evening in obedience to the traditions of the house; or do you undertake that part of the business?"

Veronica did not deliver the above message, nor did she think it necessary to inform Horace that she expected the pleasure of a visit from Miss Cradock. She had an impression—which happened to be perfectly correct—that he would not like her having invited Dolly to meet him. For her own part she found this country-house existence, which gave her all the advantages of proprietorship without its worries and responsibilities, much pleasanter than she had anticipated. It was enjoyable in itself, and seemed to afford a fitting sequel to her London experiences. From the moment when she had come so unexpectedly into her inheritance there had been a sense of unreality about everything that had occurred to her which had not been without a certain charm. It had been rather like

epithet applies to Joe. I am so glad you appreciate him. You know I always told you that he was like you."

"Oh, he's my superior by a long way," said Horace seriously, without noticing the implied compliment. "That is, except as regards horsemanship—which he'll soon learn. Going to be a land agent, he tells me."

"Well, we hope so. In fact, I daresay he would be mine, if—" Veronica paused for a moment, and then added, "If I hadn't got one already."

"Sutton is a good man," remarked Horace, meditatively; "but he isn't as young as he used to be, and he is well enough off to live upon his income. I should think that his shoes might be vacant by the time that our friend Joe is ready to step into them."

That was so exactly what Veronica had wanted him to say that she had much ado to refrain from thanking him. She felt that if only she could see some prospect of Joe's being adequately provided for, the rest would concern herself alone. Your friends may think you an idiot for throwing your money into the sea or bestowing it upon a hospital, but they cannot with any justice reproach you for doing as you please with your own.

But although, upon the whole, things seemed to be moving smoothly towards the desired climax, and although Horace continued to behave in every respect as she would have wished, it did, as time went on, dawn upon her that his actual position under her roof was open to misconstruction. Hints ended by

Julia's solicitations and establish himself upon his present footing at Broxham. What had been the result of this misplaced confidence in his self-control; of this uncalled-for playing into the hands of officious well-wishers; of this valorous determination to fall in with Veronica's own wishes and look as if he liked it? Why, simply that the bud had burst into full bloom; that, instead of being a little in love with her (as he had been with many others before her) he now worshipped the very ground she trod upon; that every day and every hour he was in danger of betraying himself, and that more than once he had surprised himself in the criminal act of wondering whether, after all, he was bound as an honourable man to abandon all hope. To have reached the point of contemplating what he and she had agreed to regard as a moral impossibility was more than perilous: it must be taken as a sign that the only course remaining open to him was to flourish a clean pair of heels in the face of temptation.

Now, it came to pass that one afternoon, when he was in rather low spirits and had been inwardly debating with himself what plausible excuse he could make for abruptly taking himself off, Joe and he went out together for an hour of desultory shooting. It happened that there was just then a break in the flow of Mrs. Mansfield's guests; the coverts were to be left undisturbed for a time; nobody's amusement had to be catered for; and Horace, true to the resolution which he had formed of avoiding Veronica's society as far as was consistent with politeness, quitted the house immediately



It was through a curtain of mist and rain that her eyes at length beheld the large and substantial, but not very imposing mansion of which she was the mistress.

reading a novel or a play, which may temporarily excite one's emotions but which has nothing in the world to do with one's actual life. Some day soon she would shake herself free of it all and consider practical plans for the future; at present there was no occasion for her to trouble herself in that way.

What gave her great satisfaction was that Joe, who had obtained leave to absent himself from his agricultural studies for a fortnight, and who journeyed down from Lincolnshire in November, struck up an immediate and fast friendship with Horace. She had not left the future to take care of itself so absolutely but that she had felt certain qualms of conscience respecting Joe, and she was most anxious that the young fellow should be upon terms of intimacy with the coming owner of Broxham Hall. It was, accordingly, very consolatory to be assured in emphatic language by one who had the highest confidence in his own judgment that Horace Trevor was one in a thousand; while it was perhaps even more agreeable to hear Horace's own verdict upon a youth who, notwithstanding his many admirable qualities, could scarcely be called prepossessing in appearance.

"That is a capital boy!" Horace said. "He knows a lot, and he isn't a bit conceited about his knowledge either. A first-rate huntsman was lost when he came into the world as the son of a country parson, I can tell you. I took him over to the kennels yesterday, and I was simply amazed at the way in which he picked out the best hounds. He didn't require to be told which of them were straight—and, between you and me, they ain't all of them straight."

"They might all of them be as crooked as rams' horns for anything that I should know by looking at them," answered Veronica, laughing; "but I think I can generally tell whether a man is what you call 'straight' or not, and I am sure that

reaching her ears; servants' gossip was inevitably reported to her; visitors, in the innocence of their hearts, made arch or facetious little speeches; finally, the Vicar's wife, a foolish, harmless old creature who often dropped in to discuss parochial matters, must needs ask point-blank whether the wedding was to take place in Broxham or in London. Veronica astonished her very much, but obviously failed to overcome her incredulity, by replying that the wedding alluded to was not going to take place anywhere. She said--

"Oh, my dear Miss Dimsdale, if that is really the case, I am very sorry to hear it—very sorry indeed. And so, I am sure, will everybody else be. If you will forgive a woman who is old enough to be your mother for saying so, it was hardly fair to treat the poor young man as you have treated him unless you meant what we all supposed that you did."

That ignorant rebuke was all the more provoking because it was certain to be echoed by Aunt Julia and Lord Chippenham, not to mention the rest of Veronica's little world. "I can't be thankful enough," she said to herself rather impatiently, "that there is a Dolly Cradock in the field. But for her, I really believe I should be driven to marry Horace against his will. I wish she would make haste about coming here—this can't be allowed to go on much longer."

Horace, for different reasons, was rapidly approaching a similar conviction. Knowing that it was quite out of the question for him to ask Veronica to be his wife, and having heard from her own lips that he would most assuredly be rejected even if he did, he had long ago decided that his incipient love for her was a sentiment which must be nipped in the bud; and what with fishing, yachting, and shooting, he had, as he fondly imagined, pretty effectually nipped it. But he ought never to have been so imprudent as to yield to Aunt

after luncheon, accompanied by his young friend, who was always ready for sport in any shape or form. After knocking over a few rabbits, they proceeded to some marshy ground, where Joe brought down a couple of snipe cleverly enough; but Horace, never at the best of times a first-class shot, missed everything, and was at length seriously remonstrated with by his companion.

"Do you mean to go on like this?" Joe inquired in sorrowful accents. "Because, if you do, it seems to me that we may as well get back home and play billiards. Not that you're fit to play anything in your present condition. What's wrong with you, if one may make so bold as to ask?—liver or mental distress?"

"I have never been conscious of having a liver in my life," answered Horace. "As for mental distress—well, you're old enough to understand that I must have reasons for being a bit worried at times."

Joe scrutinised the other's perturbed countenance for a moment with a whimsical expression upon his own, and then, withdrawing the cartridges from his gun, deliberately sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree.

"We won't shoot any more; we'll smoke a quiet pipe," said he. "I'm old enough for anything, and wise beyond my years, as you may have noticed. In fact, I have heard you admit as much. Well, such is my wisdom that, without requiring to be told, I know perfectly well what is the matter with you."

"You do, do you?" returned Horace, with a rather dreary, incredulous laugh, as he obeyed the self-confident youth's invitation.

"I do. Moreover, I don't claim any great credit for the discovery, which might have been made by anybody with eyes

and ears and a moderate amount of intelligence. It isn't that you are a poor man instead of being a rich one, as you naturally expected to be by this time; it isn't that you are beginning to kick against a false position—"

"Yes, it is!" interrupted Horace.

"Kindly allow me to finish my remarks. I was going to say that it is simply that you have lost your heart to the very person whom of course you ought to marry, and that you daren't tell her so for fear she shouldn't believe you. Now, that is sheer foolishness, and—"

"You cheeky boy! What do you mean by lecturing your elders and betters in this way?" interrupted Horace again, though in truth he was not very sorry to be furnished with a confidant. "You are not altogether wrong, I'll allow; but you don't know quite as much as you think."

"I shall be pleased to listen to anything more that you may have to tell me upon the subject," answered Joe blandly.

Horace needed no pressing. Without wasting time or words over it he unfolded his lamentable case, relating how Veronica and he had agreed at the outset to be friends and nothing more; how, in spite of that agreement, he had found himself falling in love with her; how she had at once discovered his unwilling treachery, and had let him know in the plainest terms what she thought of it; how he had valiantly attempted to conquer a hopeless passion, and how he had, for the second time, ignominiously failed. "So you see," he concluded, "I must get out of this before I make an even greater fool of myself than I have done already. And I'm sorry for it, because I know there will be a fuss with Aunt Julia, and most likely I shall have to confess the whole truth."

"Best thing you can do," observed Joe laconically. "You haven't confessed the whole truth yet, you know."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, staring. "I have confessed it to Veronica, at all events."

"Oh, no; that's just what you haven't done. You have never asked her to marry you."

"Of course I haven't. For one thing, I don't want to marry her, and for another thing, she has told me, without waiting to be asked, that she wouldn't marry me if I were the only man in the world."

"Ah! but in cases of this kind the best of women tell fibs. They feel bound to do it, just as they feel bound to say that they wouldn't have accepted an invitation to dinner which hadn't reached them. Now, look here, Trevor: I don't set up to be much of an authority upon falling in love; the whole thing seems to me to be rather rot and to make people unfit for decent society while it lasts; but I suppose it is a calamity which is sure to come upon us all sooner or later, and when it attacks me I hope I shall have common sense enough to go straight to the young woman and tell her what is the matter. She may object to red hair, in which case I shall know where I am and wish her good morning; but I sha'n't be quite such a muff as to turn tail without firing a shot. As for your not wanting to marry Veronica, you had better tell that to somebody who has been more lucky than your humble servant and has obtained a commission in the marines. What you really mean is that you are afraid she will think you want her money, not herself—which is a precious poor compliment to pay to her understanding. You may take my word for it that if Veronica refuses you, it will be only because she doesn't care enough for you to be your wife. But I don't myself think that she will refuse you."

"My dear boy, you know nothing at all about it," said Horace.

"That's what remains to be seen. Anyhow, I've given you the soundest of sound advice. There's nothing disgraceful in falling in love with an heiress, and, as far as I can make out, very few men think that there's anything disgraceful in marrying an heiress without falling in love with her; but upon my word, I think it's rather disgraceful to sink off silently because you funk an accusation which no woman in her senses would be likely to make. *Dix!* Now we'll go home before we catch colds in our heads. By-the-way, there's just one more thing which I had better warn you of, perhaps. When Veronica accepts you—as she will—the odds are that she won't give her real reason for accepting you. You musn't mind that; it's only another little way that women have, and after you have been married a few days, she'll own that she wasn't absolutely candid about it at the time."

(To be continued.)

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"A JACOBITE SONG"?

BY ANDREW LANG.

Perhaps Mr. Swinburne has no more sincere admirer than the author of this little remonstrance, but perfect sincerity is incompatible with unblenching, undeviating admiration. Some time ago Mr. Swinburne published, in the *Athenæum*, a piece which he called "A Jacobite Song." Presently a very young man, now dead, wrote to me in an excited way. "Is it a song at all; is it such a song as any Jacobite ever sang, or could sing?" he asked, adding comments of a violent and libellous character. I have not yet seen Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel," being, indeed, on my way to purchase the volume, but I have seen the "Jacobite Song" highly praised, and that by a critic worth listening to, in the *Saturday Review*. And I have read what "A. T. Q. C." says about the "song" in the *Speaker*, and my withers (wherever they may be) are wrung. About "song" I don't know, not being addicted to musical composition. But as to "Jacobite song," speaking as one who has read many Jacobite songs, of all periods from the black year of 1688 to this of 1894, I maintain that no old Jacobite could have made head or tail of it; and as to singing it, you might as well start on Psalm cxix.

There is among Mr. Swinburne's many beautiful poems one, more beautiful than most, on a Jacobite in exile. He feels, he speaks, like a Loyalist of the North Country; and reminds one of him who sang concerning the sun in France—

He has tint the bonnie blink
He had in my ain countrie.

But this new lay of old loyalty "might just as well be put in the mouth of Judas Maccabæus," says "A. T. Q. C." or, at all events, in the mouth of a follower of Titus Tarquinius.

"A. T. Q. C." thinks that he may be asked "whether he prefers gush about Bonny Prince Charlie," and adds that he does not. But "gush" begs the question. Some songs on Prince Charles may be gush, or bad in other ways. In such an enormous mass of spirited ditties in his honour as exist about no other mortal man or woman, all are not likely to be excellent. But a poem is not necessarily "gush" because it has Prince Charles for its hero, any more than a poem is "a Jacobite song" (of sixty-two mortal lines) because it is about very creditable but rather vague emotions.

I ance had bairns that now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a', for Chairlie.

That may seem "gush" to "A. T. Q. C."—there is no limiting the austerities of a cultured Cornish taste—but to me the four lines appear to carry a great deal of the right meaning in the right words.

Contrast the verse from "A Jacobite Song," cited by "A. T. Q. C." I fancied, till I compared it with the original, that he had cited it wrongly, for the sound was unsatisfactory—a repetition of the same sound, indeed—and the sense is sadly to seek—

Faith speaks when hope dissembles;
Faith lives when hope lies dead:
If death as life dissembles,
And all that night assembles
Of stars, at dawn lies dead,
Faint hope that smiles and trembles
May tell not well for dread:
But faith has heard it said.

What on earth has faith "heard said" somewhere? Has it heard that death as life dissembles, or that death does not dissemble, as life, *ex hypothesi*, does? Has faith heard, in some casual way, that all the stars which night assembles lie dead next morning? Faint hope merely "smiles and trembles," and does not hazard an opinion on this point of savage astronomical theory; it "may tell not well for dread." Faith seems to have heard *this* view taken about the daily death of stars; "faith has heard it said" that stars die, I suppose; but perhaps the song means that faith has really heard a more scientific, reasonable, and hopeful theory broached. Sir Robert Ball, or anybody, could make faith quite comfortable on the point, though whether death does or does not "as life dissemble," is another matter.

"I would ask about death," said a disciple to Confucius.

"When you don't know about life, how can you expect to know about death?" answered the sage, rather in the manner of the late Master of Balliol. Really, till we know how, and how much life does dissemble, it is impossible, as Confucius saw, to be at all positive concerning the dissembling of death.

Can you, can A. T. Q. C., can the *Saturday Review*, put hand on heart and declare that, in his opinion, any follower of James VIII., Charles III., or Henry IX. ever sang anything like "A Jacobite Song"? Do you understand it yourself? I am not one of those who clamour for much meaning in poetry; the sound will often suffice with very little sense; but, in this contrast between faith, and the rather girlish conduct of hope, who "smiles and trembles," I find no sense at all. What has faith heard said, and on what authority, and can faint hope be such a fool as to hold that savage theory of a new set of stars every night?

If all this would suit Judas McAbæus (it may be a Highland name, after all) just as well as it suits a Macdonald, or an Oliphant of Gask, one wishes that Mr. Swinburne had called the piece "Maccabæan Melody," or the like. But, though it contains fine stanzas, intelligible stanzas too, it jars direfully on a Jacobite taste. More matter, less jingle of dissyllabic rhymes was what our fathers loved.

O weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him,
And it's O! to see the De'il gang hame,
Wi' a' the Whigs before him!

That is the kind of thing a Jacobite sang, or—

Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'!

The sentiment was personal love and loyalty. These were poured forth like water for the young and the old

Chevaliers. Men wept for them, fought and died for them, died for a charm that time can never stale, any more than oblivion can scatter his poppy on the memory of "Tearlach righ nan Gael." Here is gush for "A. T. Q. C.," but, gush to-day, it was a sentiment more strong than love of life or lands a century and a half ago. And I very much prefer the rude songs which Jacobites made and sang, before or after hope was dead, to these lines about faith and hope. This illustrates, as "A. T. Q. C." says, "the common human prejudice in favour of concreteness of speech." Indeed, I fancy that "A. T. Q. C." is on the right side, after all, for he contrasts

It was a' for our rightfu' King,

with the "Jacobite song," which perhaps he deems a trifle too abstract.

REOPENING OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

BY DR. JESSOPP.

After having been closed for public worship during a period of nearly five years, the choir of Norwich Cathedral was once again thrown open on Wednesday, May 2. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the invitation of the Lord Bishop of the diocese and of the Dean of the cathedral, being the presiding personage at the opening ceremony. It was a very magnificent and imposing function, and no one who witnessed or took part in it is ever likely to forget the grandeur of the scene.

The roof of Norwich Cathedral covers an area of more than 40,000 square feet. The building was densely crowded from end to end, even the broad spaces of the triforium being given up to those who had nerve to trust themselves to look down from so great a height upon the concourse of people below them. It was estimated that quite 7000 people were at one time or another packed into the building during the opening service. The arrangements had been most admirably organised by the Dean, and were carried out faultlessly by the officials of the cathedral and a large number of chivalrous volunteers, civil and military, who co-operated in perfect harmony and with a very unusual mastery of the several parts they had to play.

The procession entered the great west doors of the cathedral almost on the stroke of eleven, as had been previously advertised. It was led by the lay members of the Diocesan Conference, who were followed in due order by upwards of three hundred of the clergy in surplices and hoods. Behind these came the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich in their gowns and chains of office. Next followed the Mayors of no fewer than nine boroughs in Norfolk and Suffolk; the High Sheriffs of the two counties in uniform, with their chaplains; and after these the choir and the members of the cathedral body, with the honorary canons, the archdeacons and other officials; and, finally, the Bishop of Norwich with his chaplains, followed by the Archbishop with his chaplains—the Rev. Prebendary Meyrick and the Rev. Dr. Jessopp—officiating specially for the occasion. The officers of the Dragon Guards acted as marshals, and, in their splendid uniform, added greatly to the attractiveness of the pageant, while the variously coloured hoods of the clergy and the scarlet robes of the Doctors of Divinity gave a certain sparkle and air of brightness and magnificence to the whole assemblage. The huge crowd in the nave were conspicuously quiet, and, one might almost say, reverential in their manner. There was not the smallest approach to disorder, confusion, or disturbance during the whole service, though the patience and actual physical endurance of many who were compelled to stand for more than three hours must have been put to a severe strain.

The service was intoned by the Dean, the Bishop reading one of the lessons, and the Canon in residence the other. The Primate occupied the ancient stone seat facing west, from which, elevated above the heads of the congregation, he was conspicuous to all as the central figure. This throne is the only one now remaining in Britain, though in the ancient Byzantine churches such a "*Sedes*" appears to have usually stood in the apse, and may still be found at Siena, Blois, Torcello, and Aquileja. At the last-named place the steps of the throne—exactly as they existed formerly at Norwich, on which the Bishop's assessors took their seats—may still be seen *in situ*. The significance and impressiveness of the whole scene when the service began and all were in their places may be estimated when it is remembered that no Archbishop of Canterbury has visited the Cathedral of Norwich since the Reformation, nor, probably, for at least a century anterior to that event. A perceptible gloom was thrown over the proceedings by the sudden death of the late Bishop Pelham, less than twelve hours before the Archbishop arrived in Norwich. With characteristic good taste and eloquence, the Primate made the most of the occasion, prefacing his sermon with a noble and lofty testimony to the worth and virtues of the dead prelate and a startling and pathetic appeal to his successor. The sermon contained—as the Archbishop's sermons always do contain—passages of remarkable force and epigrammatic precision of language, and it was curious to notice how the faces of some who were favourably placed for hearing the preacher again and again betrayed that the words had gone home and would be remembered.

After the service, addresses of welcome were presented to the Archbishop, in the Choir School, by the Dean and Chapter, and by the Mayor of Norwich, speaking for the ten corporate towns whose chief magistrates were present. In the garden of the Deanery a gathering of about a hundred notables sat down to luncheon, when some unusually good speeches were made.

The Bishop gave a reception on a large scale in the grounds of the Palace, and here an address was presented to the Primate by the clergy of the diocese. His Grace's reply was exceedingly happy, and, of course, received with enthusiasm. The day was a proud day for Dean Lefroy, but only they who remember the deplorable condition of the cathedral when Dr. Goulburn first took it in hand, nearly twenty-eight years ago, and see it now in its splendour, can realise, even approximately, how magnificent a restoration of the very best kind has been effected, and that, too, with the least possible advertising, canvassing, worrying appeals to the public, or brag.



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MASTER TOMMY MERTON.—W. LLEWELLYN.



DOROTHY BELLEVILLE.—LOUISA STARR (MADAME CANZIANI).



"JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM."—HAROLD SPEED.



"MIST AND FLOOD."—NIELS M. LUND.



"AL-FRESCO."—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.



"FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA: 1893."—W. P. FRITH, R.A.



NELLY, DAUGHTER OF JOHN STRAIN, ESQ., M.I.C.E.—W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.



"FEEDING THE HUNGRY."—A. M. ROSSI.



"DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA."—RALPH PEACOCK.



"AUGUST BLUE."—H. S. TUKE.



"THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD."—FANNIE MOODY.



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"—W. H. TROOD.



"THE COMING OF ARTHUR."—J. WALTER WEST.

"And all the wave was in a flame. And down the wave and in the flame was borne | "A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet, Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried, 'The King!'"



MRS. GERARD LEATHER.—J. SANT, R.A.



MARIANNA.—RUDOLPH LEHMANN.



"SANCTUARY: INCIDENT IN THE CHILDHOOD OF PETER THE GREAT."—LASLETT J. POTT.

"'Behold him!' replied the Superior; 'he is here with God!' A sense of religious awe—or of superstitious reverence—rebuked the drunken violence of the soldiers. They became instantly silent, aghast—stricken by the unexpected imposing sight and the accompanying words of the priest."—RUSSELL'S "BOYHOOD OF EXTRAORDINARY MEN."



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.—E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.



"The morn is up again, the dewy morn, With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,"
FREDERICK E. E. SCHENCK.



"O mysterious Night, thou art not silent; many tongues hast thou,"
FREDERICK E. E. SCHENCK.



GENERAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B.—HARRY BATES, A.R.A.



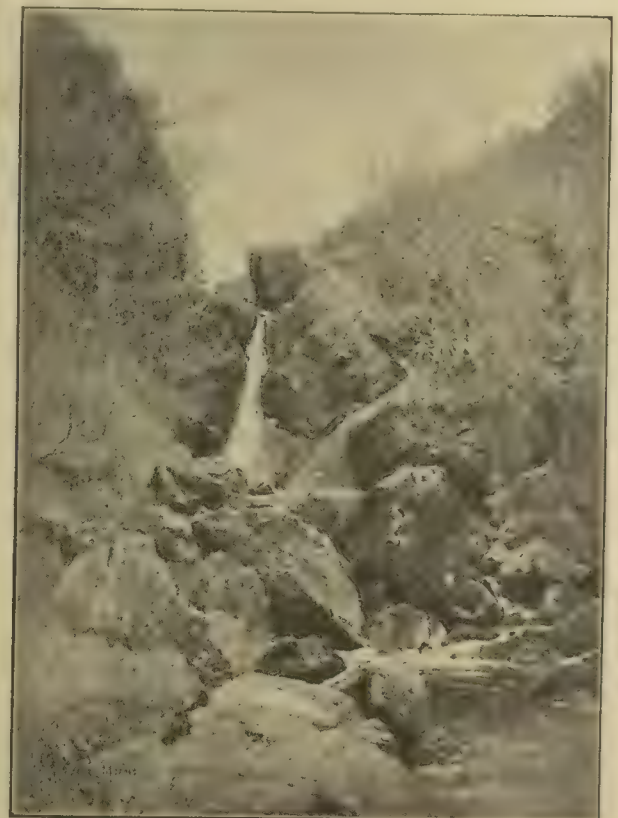
"AFTER CHEVY CHASE."—HERBERT DICKSEE.



"THE WATER MEADOWS OF PICARDY."—ERNEST PARTON.



"THE STREAM WITH OX-EYES FRINGED."—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



"IN THE DEVIL'S GLEN, COUNTY WICKLOW."
C. GREVILLE MORRIS.



ST. AGNES (BRONZE HEAD).—A. DRURY.



"LE ROI S'AMUSE": HENRY III. OF FRANCE.—WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A.

"I saw him in his closet, a sword by his side and short cloak on his shoulders, little turban on his head, and about his neck was hung a basket, in which were two or three little dogs no bigger than my fist."—SCULLY.



"THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES."—ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



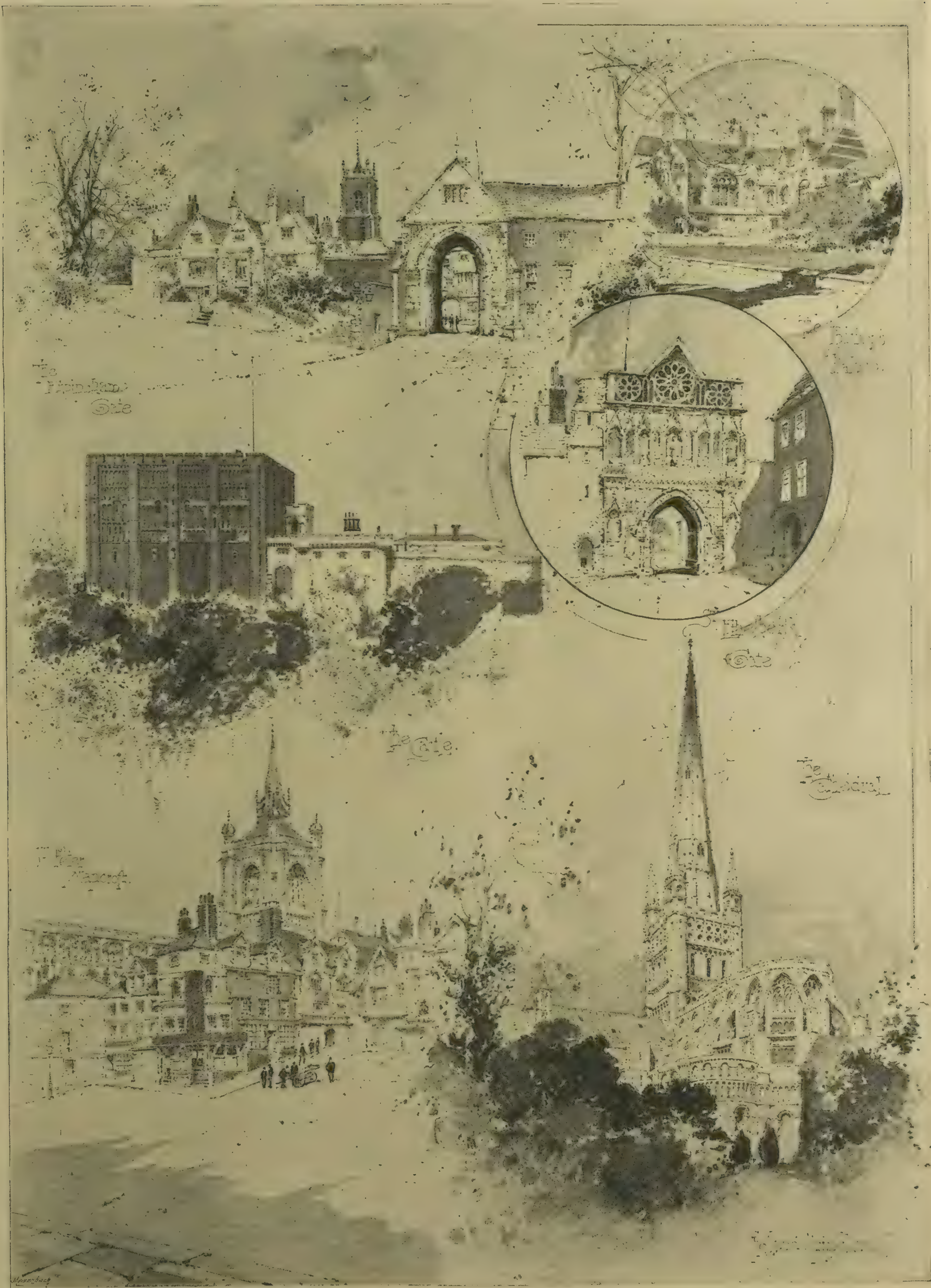
"THROUGH THE GLEN IN A SNOWDRIFT."—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



"HARLECH CASTLE, NORTH WALES."—PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.



"CLOUDY JUNE."—ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



REOPENING OF THE CHOIR OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL: A RAMBLE THROUGH THE CITY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Mr. W. F. Kirby lately contributed a most interesting note on "Bees and Dead Carcasses," to a scientific contemporary. The riddle propounded by Samson will be familiar to everybody in connection with this subject, and the recital regarding the swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion which Samson slew is paralleled by a well-known passage in Virgil's fourth Georgic. Mr. Kirby remarks that the Septuagint makes Samson find bees and honey in the lion's mouth, while the ordinary version merely says that the honey and insects were found "in the carcass of the lion." In ancient days, when it was an easy and natural belief that living things could be generated and produced spontaneously from dead materials, there were no great mental obstacles to the supposition that the dead carcass could give origin to the living insects. When, however, the ideas of Francesco Redi came to the front, and when the motto *Omne vivum ex ovo* came to express a biological belief of widespread kind, it was clear that the old notions about bees and carcasses, and about many other living things as well, were destined to undergo a thorough change.

Mr. Kirby was inspired to write his paper by the publication of a pamphlet by Baron C. N. Osten-Sacken, who deals with the insects known as the *Bugonia* of the ancients and with their relations to *Eristalis tenax*, a two-winged insect. Now Baron Osten-Sacken, who is an authority on the group of true flies (which are all "dipterous," or two-winged), contrives to give us a singularly happy explanation of the bee- and -carcass legend. The so-called "Bugonia," which was believed to represent the insect and bee product, spontaneously evolved from the dead carcass, is really a very common fly—the *Eristalis tenax*, or drone-fly. As part and parcel of its ordinary habits, this fly lays its eggs in the carcass of the animal, just as the bluebottle deposits its eggs in our butcher's meat. Out of the eggs come the grubs or larvae, which are popularly termed "maggots." Then the larvae in due time become chrysalides, and finally appear as the mature flies. But it happens that these very drone-flies in their outward appearance present a remarkably close resemblance to bees. Their shape, size, and colour are assimilated to those of bees; and the origin of the bee and carcass story is thus easily accounted for. It is a case of mimicry this, or of something approaching to it, whereby one group of animals may assume the colour, form, and even habits of another and distinct group.

So the old idea of the bees and the dead carcasses has to be given up as depending on an error in observation; and of another and allied notion, Baron Osten-Sacken entertains a like opinion. This is the idea of wasps being generated in the carcasses of horses. The supposed wasps are really flies, belonging to the genus *Helophilus*, which, in its turn, is not very far removed from the group that includes the drone-flies as its representatives. The latter flies (*Eristalis*) as Mr. Kirby, quoting from Baron Osten-Sacken, says, have had quite a notable history. They are common all over the Old World; they have been introduced into America; and in respect of the venerable nature of their history only the silkworm and the honey-bee can rival them. So says Baron Osten-Sacken; for the *Eristalis* has travelled with man, has emigrated for him, has gone forth as a colonist into new spheres, and has been represented in the most ancient records of the human race.

I observe, in a return of the results of the treatment for hydrophobia at the Pasteur Institute, it is stated that 1648 persons were received during the past year. The death-rate is calculated upon what seems to be a very fair basis—namely, that only those deaths are chronicled which occurred after the lapse of fifteen days from the date of the last inoculation. These deaths are regarded as inevitable results of the bites, and as having taken place in spite of the treatment being applied. Deaths happening within the period named are excluded. Last year two deaths occurred within the period, and three other fatal cases (death happening during the treatment) are chronicled, but excluded from the returns. In one other fatal case the patient refused to permit the treatment to be carried out to its completion.

The list gives us, on the above basis, four deaths out of the 1648 cases. This is a rate of mortality excessively low compared with the death-rate from hydrophobia prior to Pasteur's treatment being inaugurated. The total cases treated since 1886 number 14,430. The total mortality numbers only 72 deaths. The hands represent the parts bitten in 857 cases out of the total 1648; next come the limbs, showing 656 cases; while 135 were bitten on the head. England sent 23 patients in 1893, Belgium 22, Greece 35, Spain 43, Egypt 18, India 14, and Holland and Switzerland 9 each. The numbers from countries such as Germany, Russia, Austria—where, if I mistake not, Pasteur Institutes are in active operation—are insignificant. Here, in England, great opposition exists to the establishment of an institute, although curiously enough, we send our patients off to Paris for a treatment which, I think, we should have the means of administering at home.

By one of those striking coincidences of which life is fairly full, I received the other day a letter from a reader of this column inquiring into the dietetic and other virtues of asparagus, and in the number of the *Lancet* for April 28 I found a letter from Dr. S. Wilks dealing with this very topic. I may refer my correspondent to that letter by way of answering his inquiry; but I may also be permitted to add here that Dr. Wilks entertains, on what are apparently adequate grounds, ideas of the action of asparagus widely different from the common belief regarding its powers and properties. So far from considering that this familiar vegetable acts as a kidney-stimulant, Dr. Wilks avers that its action is of an opposite character. He also remarks very aptly on the great ignorance which still prevails concerning the action of many well-known and common articles of diet. As regards the want of knowledge about many vegetable items of our food I think his views are highly applicable.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- A WHEELER.—The problem shall be carefully examined. All your solutions are correct, and will be found acknowledged in the proper place.
- ALPHA.—Your commendation is well deserved, and it is certainly some satisfaction to us to know you appreciate the problem.
- C SCHULTZ.—Thanks for letter. You might send us some of the games in question.
- C BURNETT.—Amended diagram to hand, also solution of No. 2614. The other solutions have not reached us, but there is no second solution to the problem you mention.
- T EDWARDS (City of London Club).—The Staunton pattern was introduced about 1845. Previously chessmen were much taller and stood on a narrower base. The patterns were then known as either the Dublin or the Edinburgh.
- W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Thanks; they shall receive every consideration.
- A LUDWIG (Huddersfield).—No. 2613 cannot be solved in the way you suggest. Thanks for what you say about No. 2410.
- D E H NOYES (Cheltenham).—Very pleased to receive your problem, and hope to find it correct.
- E C B (Brixton).—The matter has often been under consideration, and may some day be carried into effect.
- REGINALD KELLY (of Kelly).—Have you considered the effect of 1. Q to R 2nd (ch)?
- J F MOON.—The amended version is impossible of solution, for after 2. Kt to B 2nd, Black prevents mate next move by either B to K 2nd or Q to Q 4th.
- W OXLEY.—We must trouble you to forward another diagram of the problem. There is always a risk the other way.
- F HART (Chelsea).—There is no use in sending us problems that have been already published.
- T LONG, B.A.—Your book to hand, and it shall be noticed in an early issue.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2605 and 2606 received from E Werna (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2610 from Shadforth; of No. 2611 from Csiky Ilona es Irma (Kolozsvár); of No. 2612 from Charles Burnett, J. Bailey (Newark), and Arthur Wheeler (Workop); of No. 2613 from T Roberts, Camilo Molins (Vigo), Arthur Wheeler, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J F Moon, and E E H.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2614 received from E Louden, Alpha, G T Hughes (Athy), W P Hind, M Burke, Arthur Wheeler, W Wright, G Joicey, J D Tucker (Leeds), J Dixon, Shadforth, T Roberts, F Hart, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), C D (Camberwell), W R Kaillem, H B Harford, F Glanville, A Newman, R H Brooks, Dr F St, E E H, H S Brandreth, F Anderson, Martin F, L Desanges, Charles Burnett, and J Coad.

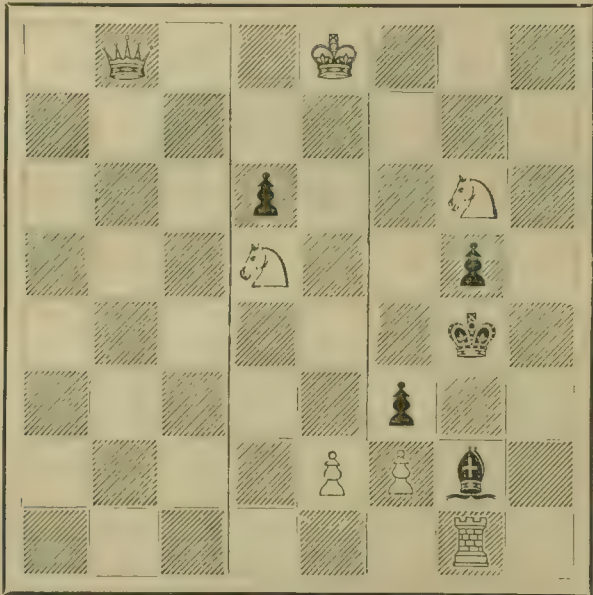
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2613.—By W. S. FENELLOSA.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 5th. K to B 3rd
2. P takes Kt (becoming a Rook). K to Kt 2nd or Q 2nd
3. P to R 8th (becoming a Q) or Q to K 8th. Mate.
- If Black play 1. Kt to K 2nd, 2. P to Kt 8th (a Kt) (ch); if 1. Kt to Q 3rd, 2. B takes Kt; if 1. Kt takes either P, 2. Q to B 2nd (ch); if 1. K to K 2nd, 2. P takes Kt (a B); and if 1. K to K 3rd, 2. P takes Kt (a Q) (ch), 2. K to K 2nd, 3. Q to K 8th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2616.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following game was the last of the series played at Philadelphia in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and LASKER. (Queen's Gambit declined.)

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------|---------------------|--|
| WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 23. P to K 4th | A fine move, which forces Black to take the Bishop. Any attempt to save the Kt leads to speedy disaster. |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | P to K 3rd | 24. P takes B | P takes B |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 25. P takes Kt | K to B 2nd |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd | B to K 2nd | 26. P to Q 6th (ch) | K to B 3rd |
| 5. P to K 3rd | Castles | 27. K to K 3rd | R takes R |
| 6. B to Q 3rd | P to Q B 4th | 28. R takes R | R to Q B sq |
| 7. Q P takes P | | 29. R takes R | B takes R |
| This virtually compels the exchange of Queens; but the opening ison well-known lines, and gives neither side any advantage. | | 30. B to B 2nd | K to B 2nd |
| 8. B takes P | P takes P | | |
| 9. K takes Q | Q takes Q (ch) | | |
| 10. P to Q R 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 11. P to Kt 4th | B to Kt 3rd | | |
| 12. K to K 2nd | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 13. B to Kt 3rd | Q R to B 3rd | | |
| 14. B to Kt 2nd | P to Q R 4th | | |
| 15. P to Kt 5th | Kt to K 2nd | | |
| 16. Kt to K 5th | B to K sq | | |
| The effort to keep this Bishop leads to an extraordinary tie-up of Black's forces, and it is almost incredible that a player like Mr. Steinitz should allow himself to be so completely outmanœuvred from now onwards. | | | |
| 17. P to Q R 4th | B to B 2nd | | |
| 18. Kt to B 4th | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 19. Q R to Q B sq | Kt (at K 2nd) to Q 4th | | |
| 20. Kt takes Kt | Kt takes Kt | | |
| 21. Kt to K 5th | B takes Kt | | |
| 22. B takes B | P to K B 3rd | | |

The enterprising Bohemians tried another novelty on May 5, when Mr. Moriau played nineteen simultaneous games, starting, however, from the developed positions of well-known gambits. The test was a much severer one than appears at first sight, and the single player was not in his usual form, but against a strong team he won 8, lost 7, and drew 4. The best game was a Muzio, won in fine style by Mr. Liveredge.

Presentation Day at London University was observed on May 9, when Lord Herschell presided as Chancellor for the first time. He spoke of the question yet undecided, whether the work of teaching should be entrusted to the existing University, or whether a separate University for that purpose should be created in London. He thought such changes might be made as would enable London University to do the double work.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Now the season is in full course, and the fashions are fixed. Messrs. Jay are showing some smart models, as usual. A walking dress of shepherd's plaid (black and white check) was made with a loose-fronted coat of soft black diagonal, with revers from the waist of white moiré and a second set of facings for the revers in white piqué, to wear on less smart occasions. Various vests would be worn with this; the one designed to go with the white moiré revers was of accordion-pleated white silk muslin, with a huge bow of the same filling up the top. Another dress not too smart for daily use was a solid black satin trimmed with white lace and steel. The bodice was almost covered with white lace, and the steel appeared as trimmings on the hips, in graduated lines of passementerie. A navy crêpon was made up with a vest of navy and white spotted silk, decorated with lines of chiffon pleatings, the belt, with long back sash ends and a big bow at the throat, being of the spotted silk alone. To wear with plain black satin or moiré skirts were a number of smart little bodices. One was of heliotrope chiffon, trimmed with tiny rows of ribbon in two shades of pink, a light and a dark, the heliotrope being of that pinky tinge that is called Ophelia. The front of chiffon was very full, the fastenings being up the back. At the waist and throat it was confined by bands of the ribbon, and these passed through long paste buckles. Another little bodice was of pleated black chiffon, with jet ornaments like the breast-plates that the Romans wore over the bust, and sleeves of alternate steps of puffings and rows of close accordion pleats. More showy was a dress of a fancy silk, which boasted a heliotrope stripe, a delicate chené stripe and a brocaded Pompadour stripe alternately; the bodice had a front of white and yellow striped silk muslin, and a back of yellow chiffon and white lace mingled artistically; the waist-belt was of white moiré and the vest was edged with white chiffon—altogether indescribably elaborate, but the skirt of the described fancy material was quite plain. A handsome demi-toilette was in the Louis XV. style—namely, a polonaise back falling open in front over a different petticoat, the hips being full a little, which gives a small look to the waist. The polonaise was of pale blue and yellow alternate stripes made up to go around the figure. The petticoat front was three flounces of accordion pleated black chiffon, and the bodice, a black one, half concealed with white guipure lace, was trimmed across the bust with a big bow of red ribbon holding a huge paste buckle—a smaller edition of the same bow and buckle being at the waist line.

In the British Silk Exhibition now open at Stafford House, St. James's, the same firm show a smart shepherd's plaid silk walking-dress, made with the seams piped and stitched outside, and a tea-gown in accordion-pleated heliotrope silk crêpe, and a widow's costume in black crêpe, the material made by Courtauld's house, in Essex—almost the sole survivor now of what was once a large and flourishing industry in this country. Whether the energetic efforts of the British Silk Association, as represented in this exhibition, will avail to revive the silk manufacture of England is rather doubtful. There is no patriotism in business; our very Government, in spending the taxpayers' money, sends abroad for a multitude of articles that are more cheaply or better manufactured elsewhere, and among other articles so purchased from foreigners are actually the silks for the British flags! So are the powder-bags of spun silk with which the big guns are indulged. There is certainly a grave objection to getting any of our munitions of war from abroad in the fact that in case of hostilities our supply would be closed to us. But if even this grave reason fails to enforce the using of home-made material, because it is dearer or perhaps in other ways less desirable, far less can it be expected that appeals to patriotism will make dressmakers use home-made silk unless it is as good, and at least as cheap, as the foreign product. Now, the inspection of the really superb display at Stafford House will show that exceedingly beautiful silk is made here. One of the most charming designs was given to Mr. George Lock (who is the hon. secretary of the show) by the Empress Frederick. Her Majesty found it in a portion of the old hangings of Frederick, the Great's palace at Potsdam, and copied it in colouring of her own choice, to be reproduced for the decoration of the rooms that she prepared for her mother's visit to Germany a few years ago. Many of the brocatelles, damasks, and gold and silver brocades for furnishing purposes are perfectly lovely. If they are no dearer than the Lyons silks, why should they not take their place in open market competition? If they are dearer, not even the distinction of a show in Stafford House under royal patronage will cause their adoption. For dress use, the brocaded Irish poplins are decidedly worth notice. An Irish poplin is a distinctive material, excellently strong in wear, graceful in draping, and the designs shown are charming. There is one of white poplin with moss rose-buds and leaves in natural colours raised on the white ribbed ground that would make a delightful dinner dress.

A fashionable gathering attended the opening ceremony. I wonder if the beautiful young hostess, the Duchess of Sutherland, knows how warmly she is admired by other women? On all hands were admiring comments on her looks, in her sky-blue moiré bodice, laced up the back, and made with the sleeves in the new style, very full at the back of the arm, but pleated in to sit close to the arm in front; the skirt was a tussore silk, and a deep collar of this, covered with écaré Irish point, was over the shoulders. With this charming dress was worn a very wide black hat, trimmed with osprey and tulle rosettes. Lady Garvagh perhaps drew most notice in a beautiful gown of English brocade with a white ground, on which appeared golden water-lilies and silvery foliage; a plain yellow silk belt and collar and a white lace jabot finished it off; and the hat worn with it was a big white one with ostrich plumes. The Duchess of Westminster did not obey the traditions of the occasion in wearing "British silk," her skirt and sleeves being of dark purple velvet with a zouave of black moiré. Lady Brooke had an elegantly designed mantle of black moiré with a deep shoulder-frill of lace over a series of loops of very wide—sash width—white moiré, that made a second cape under the lace.

SPECIALISTS
IN THE
DECORATIVE
TREATMENT
OF
INTERIORS.



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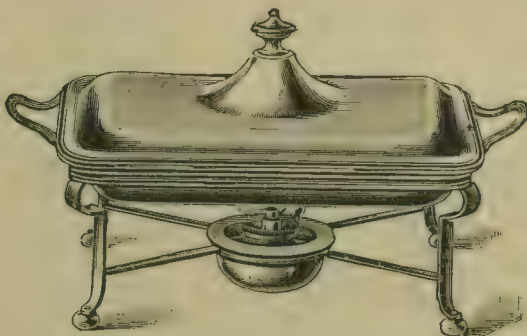
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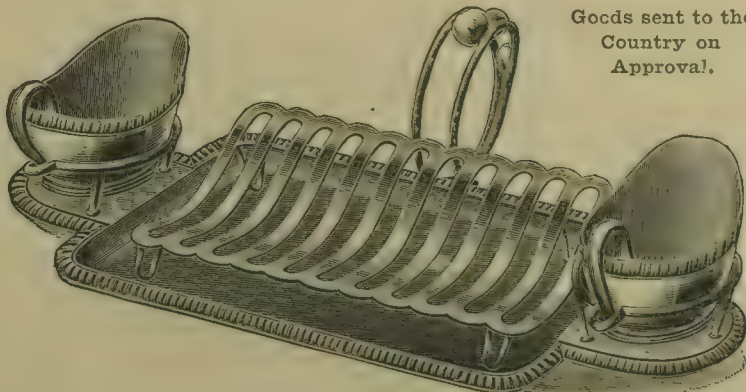


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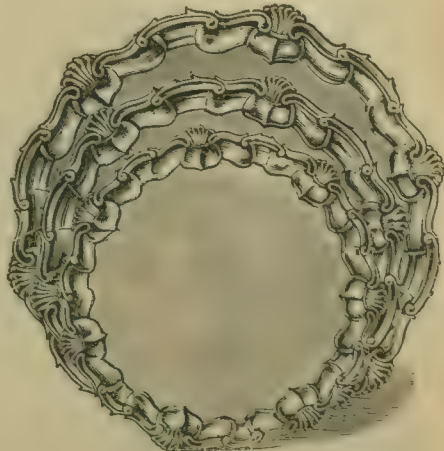
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1893) of the Hon. Emma Brodrick, of Bath, who died on April 5, was proved on May 4 by the Hon. George Charles Brodrick and the Hon. and Rev. Alan Brodrick, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £92,000. The testatrix gives all the real and personal estate to which she may be entitled of George Alan, Viscount Middleton, to the Viscount Middleton living at her death and entitled to the mansion and estate of Peper Harrow, Surrey; and the money in the house and at call at her bankers, and all her plate, furniture, and personal effects to her sister the Hon. Lucy Brodrick. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay one half of the income to her sister Lucy, for life, and subject thereto for the children of her late sister, Harriet, Viscountess Middleton.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1888), with two codicils (dated July 16, 1891, and Aug. 18, 1893), of Mr. James Soames, J.P., formerly of Maze Hill, Greenwich, and late of Hastings, who died on March 7, was proved on May 2 by James Kollo Soames, Walter Kollo Soames, and the Rev. Werner Henry Kollo Soames, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £69,000. The testator makes large bequests of stocks and shares and house and other property to or upon trust for each of his said sons, his daughter, Louisa Kollo Grimaldi, his niece, Dora Margaret Evans, and his son-in-law; and there are legacies to domestic servants. Among the gifts to his son the Rev. W. H. K. Soames is that of all his estate and interest in St. George's Church, Westcombe Hill, Greenwich, with the patronage advowson and next presentation thereto. The residue of his property he gives to his sons James Kollo Soames and Walter Kollo Soames.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1893), with two codicils (both dated Jan. 23, 1894), of Mr. Edward Hinds Shackle, of Botwell Lodge, Hayes, Middlesex, who died on March 14, was proved on May 2 by Mrs. Emily Shackle, the widow, and Edward Nield Shackle, and the Rev. John Baptist Shackle, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his horses, carriages, household furniture, plate, pictures, stores and effects to his wife. The residue of his personal estate and all his real estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to, or upon trust for, his children in equal shares. Parts of his real estate are specifically devised to his sons and daughters, but the value thereof, as also certain advancements and moneys covenanted or agreed to be paid on behalf of, or to children, are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1893) of Mrs. Julia Clara Byrne, of 16, Montagu Street, Portman Square, who died on March 29, was proved on April 28 by Cosmo John Franklin Alldrich, and Charles Edward Wadsworth Byrne, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix leaves the whole of her estate, heritable and movable, upon trust,

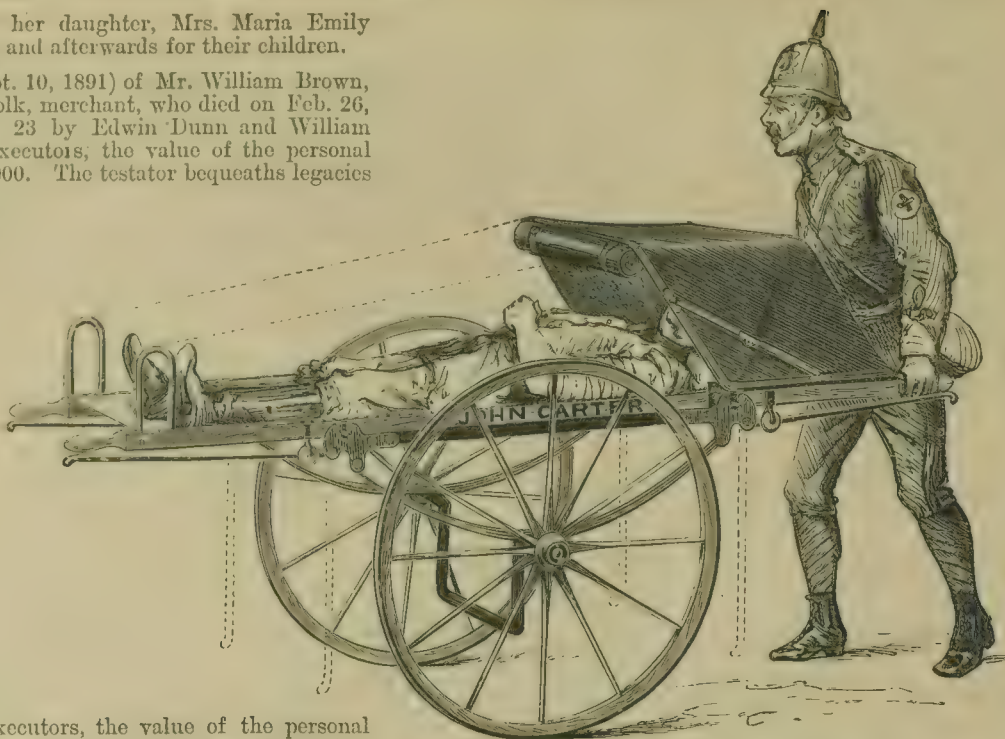
for her said son and her daughter, Mrs. Maria Emily Garcin, for their lives, and afterwards for their children.

The will (dated Sept. 10, 1891) of Mr. William Brown, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, merchant, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on April 23 by Edwin Dunn and William Briscoe Whall, the executors; the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his executors and housekeeper; and as to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, each for his brothers, Edwin and Samuel, and their respective wives and children.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 9, 1893), of Mr. Bernard Husey-Hunt, of The Drive, Hove, Sussex, and of Compton Pouncefote, Somersetshire, who died on March 24, was proved on May 2 by James Hubert Senior, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator devises all his real estate to his nephew James Hubert Senior; and bequeaths all his books, plate, and pictures to his wife Mrs. Jane Husey-Hunt, for life, and then to go with the Compton Pouncefote estate, of which he was tenant for life; the remainder of his furniture and effects and £800 to his wife; £1000 and his gold watch and chain to his brother James Senior; £1000 to Mrs. Agnes Senior, the widow of his late brother John; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and servant. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she waiving her right under their marriage settlement to a policy of insurance on his life, and then to the said James Hubert Senior.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 27, 1894) of Mr. James Rae, of Kirkpatrick-Plemying, in the county of Dumfries, who died on Feb. 17, granted to John Ford Cormack, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on May 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £11,162.

The will and codicil of Captain Thomas Anthony Swinburne, retired R.N., of Pontys Hall, Durham, who died on Dec. 7 at Guernsey, were proved on May 2 by Major



A NEW AMBULANCE, THE "SIMPLEX."

Robert Swinburne, the son, and Campbell Montague Edward Wynne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3114.

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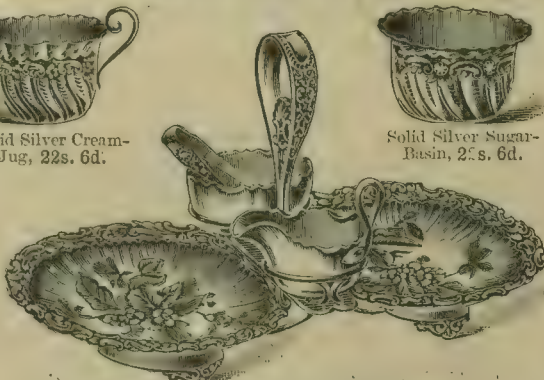
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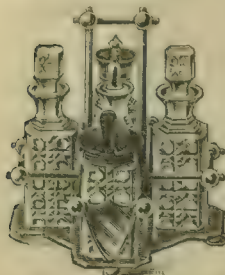


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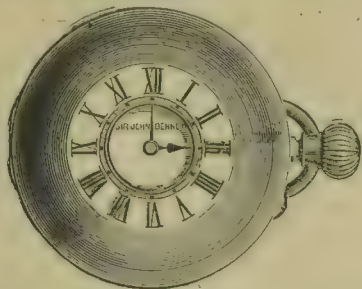
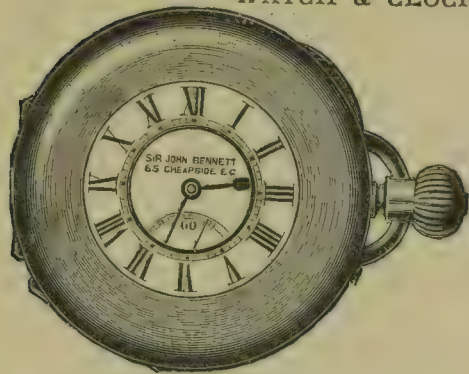


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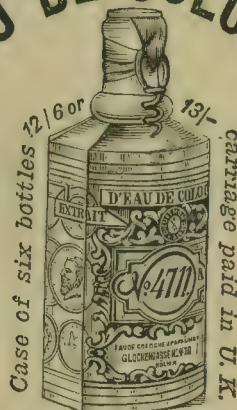


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CORDIAL

OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

The oft-mentioned testimonial to Sir Augustus Harris in recognition of his services to the cause of opera in this country was duly presented in the saloon of Drury Lane Theatre on Friday, May 11. Scarcely had the sounds of congratulation died away before the energetic impresario started upon yet another campaign of the kind that for seven years in succession has earned him fame and gratitude. Whit Monday was an odd sort of day for the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, and this, combined with the fact that Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was an absolute novelty here, sufficiently accounted for the absence of a crowd. The house, nevertheless, presented an extremely brilliant appearance, thanks to the unusually extensive renovation to which it had been submitted during the recess; indeed, the auditorium has never, without the aid of special floral decorations, looked handsomer than it now does. The performance of the new opera was preceded by the National Anthem, which was conducted by Signor Mancinelli, the chorus being grouped as of oldtime on either side of a bust of her Majesty, the latter supported by the Union Jack and a contingent of beardless beefeaters.

The artists from La Scala, whom Signor Ricordi has sent over for the purpose of presenting his two latest successes, did their best to conceal the nervousness inseparable from a Covent Garden debut, and if they did not altogether accomplish their aim, they at any rate did fair justice to a work of no slight elaboration and difficulty. "Manon Lescaut" is quite entitled to its Continental reputation. It is a highly favourable example of the modern Italian school, and embodies all the dramatic and musical elements that appeal to opera-goers generally and its composer's compatriots in particular. It is entirely free from the taint of vulgarity which now and again mars the beauty of Mascagni's operas, and it shows evidence of spontaneity as well as musicianship. We do not in the least complain because Signor Puccini has taken up a subject already treated by Auber and Massenet. The theme is dealt with in a fashion quite distinct from the others, and in a good many respects preferable to either. A fault it may be in the Italian libretto that we see nothing of Manon and Des Grieux together after the elopement from the Amiens posting-house until their meeting at the house of Geronte, the wealthy protector for whom Manon has deserted her lover. But the gain is also great. It renders possible a second act of infinite variety, which tells the story of the omitted incidents and takes up the thread at a point of higher dramatic interest, yielding far superior opportunities for the musician than would a repetition of the idyllic love business already treated so exquisitely by Massenet. In his first act (which is sensibly cut at Covent Garden) Signor Puccini displays his chief ability in a series of concerted and choral pieces that assist rather than delay the action, the best of these being one sung towards the end by the students to the tripping melody, "Tra voi, bello." There is plenty of life and movement all through this opening scene, and no lack of distinction in the music.

The greater charm of the second act lies in its

exceptional wealth of contrast. At the outset all is brightness and gaiety. Manon completes her luxurious toilette and listens to the chatter of her despicable brother, who concedes only too readily to her half-expressed wish to see Des Grieux again. Then comes the short but delicious "Madrigale" sung by Geronte's musicians (female voices), followed by the still more elegant minuet lesson, with its fragmentary accompanying phrases for the surrounding group of gallants, and its graceful concluding melody for Manon. At the appearance of Des Grieux the character of the music changes, giving place to a duet that sounds the depths of passion to their deepest—a duet too reminiscent of Wagner to be considered really great, but nevertheless very intense in feeling and very finely wrought down to the moment where Geronte appears at the door and sees Manon locked in her lover's embrace. Here, again, a fresh vein is started, and a remarkably clever trio, amid which Lescaut fassily urges Manon to escape with Des Grieux before the arrival of the soldiers, brings the act to an effective termination. The episodes of the attempted rescue, and the embarkation at Havre in the third act, add further fresh material to the interest of Signor Puccini's opera. Dramatically speaking, the scene is the climax of the story, and so well does it lend itself to musical treatment that the ensemble heard while the miserable girls are being transferred from prison to the deck of the ship lying alongside the quay, furnishes by far the most original and skilful portion of the score. The varied emotions of the different personages are portrayed with masterly art, and the appeal of Des Grieux to be allowed to accompany Manon is touching in the extreme. There is abundant tragic feeling, too, in the duet of the dying scene, which passes somewhere in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, as in the Abbé Prévost's novel; nor will the fact that people do not invariably stop for it be any obstacle to the ultimate popularity of "Manon Lescaut." At Covent Garden the success of the opera was assured at the end of the third act, where Signor Puccini was brought before the curtain to respond to a genuine ovation. Mlle. Olga Olghina made a pleasing Manon, and by her acting, no less than her singing, made a favourable impression in the part. Signor Beduschi, if not an ideal Des Grieux in the sense that M. Van Dyck was one in Massenet's opera, still brought many admirable qualities to bear upon his impersonation. The rendering of the big duet in the second act by these two artists may be characterised as a splendid effort. Signor Pini-Corsi's assumption of Lescaut, alike vocally and histrionically perfect, added immensely to the strength of the representation, which, as a whole, did infinite credit to Signor Seppilli and his forces. The *mise en scène* had been specially brought over from Milan, and left nothing to be desired.

At Madame Patti's concert on Saturday afternoon, May 19, in the Albert Hall, several singers besides the diva will appear. Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Dews, and Miss Clara Eissler are among those who will contribute to an excellent programme.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LINDSAY.



Sir John Trotter Bethune, tenth Earl of Lindsay in the peerage of Scotland, and Lord Parbroath, Viscount of Garioch, Lord Kilbirnie, Kingsburn, and Drumry, and Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and a Baronet, D.L., died on May 12, at Kilconquhar House, Fifeshire. He was born Jan. 3, 1827, and succeeded his father, *de jure*, as Earl of Lindsay, &c., Feb. 19, 1851. He established his right to the above honours in 1878. He married, in 1858, Jeanne Eudoxie, daughter of M. J. V. Duval, of Bordeaux. He was formerly a lieutenant in the 91st Foot, and was chosen a representative peer in 1885. The heir presumptive is Mr. David Clark Lindsay, of Wormistone, Fifeshire.

THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

The Countess of Clarendon died on May 9, aged thirty-seven. She was the eldest daughter of James Charles Herbert Welbore Ellis, Earl of Normanton, and was baptised Caroline Elizabeth. She was married, Sept. 6, 1876, to Edward Hyde Villiers, fifth and present Earl of Clarendon, by whom she has left issue two children, Lord Hyde, born June 7, 1877, and Lady Edith Villiers, born Nov. 8, 1878. Her Ladyship was fifth in descent from Mr. James Agar, M.P., of Gowran Castle, county Kilkenny, in the time of George II.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral Edward Hardinge, C.B., on May 2, at 32, Hyde Park Square, W., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was an Admiral on the retired list, R.N., Knight of the Legion of Honour, and member of the fifth class of the Medjidie and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Dr. H. A. Bruce, Principal Inspector-General of the Forces, on May 8, aged eighty-six.

The Right Rev. Charles Alan Smythies, Bishop of Zanzibar and Missionary Bishop in East Africa, on May 7, at sea, on his passage from Zanzibar to Aden.

Mr. Robert Bamford-Hesketh, of Gwrych Castle, Abergele, on April 29, in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Bamford-Hesketh was a magistrate, and (in 1866) High Sheriff for Denbighshire, and Lord of the Manors of Cheadle Hulme and Cheadle Moseley, in Cheshire, and of Llanddulas, in Denbighshire. Mr. Bamford-Hesketh married Feb. 20, 1851, Ellen, daughter of Mr. J. Jones Bate-mian, of Pentre Mawr, in Denbighshire, and has left issue an only child, Winifred, the present Countess of Dundonald.

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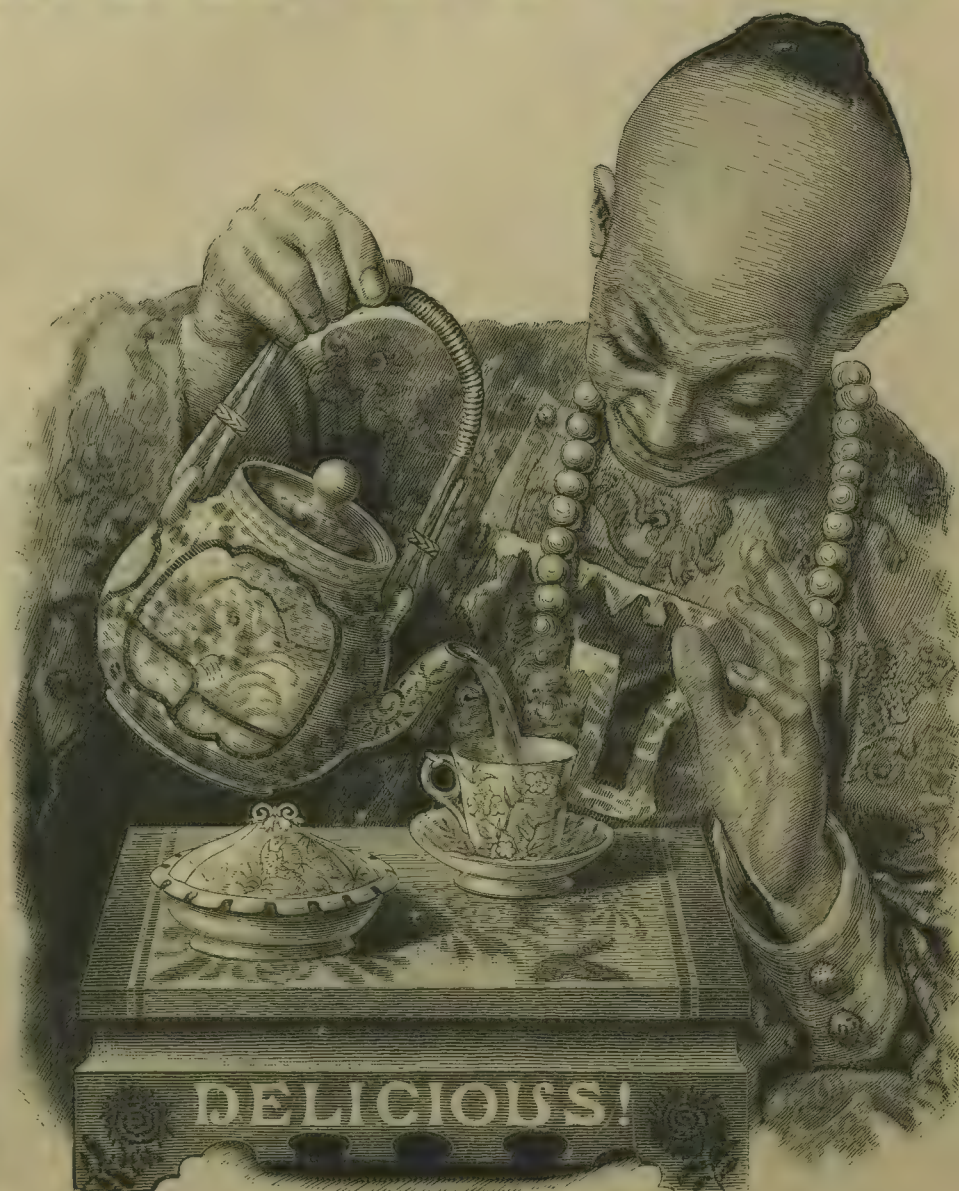
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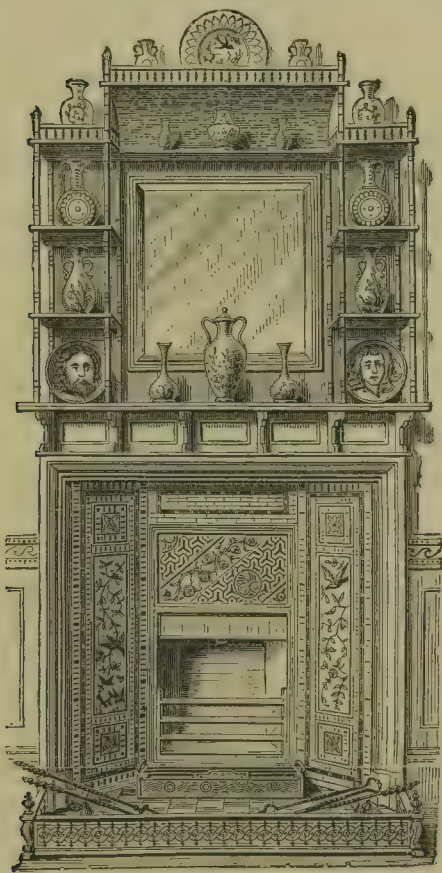


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Wilson, of Rochdale, has been making a needed protest against incompetent restoration. He visited lately a magnificent and most ancient church in the north of England which needed some extensive repair and restoration in the chancel. Sir Gilbert Scott was called in by the patron and rector, but when he learned that they insisted on the removal of the Lady Chapel, which was the oldest and most beautiful part of the church, Sir Gilbert declined the engagement. A gentleman whose design had been accepted for a railway-station in the neighbourhood was then called in, and the result may be imagined. The Archdeacon also said the "professional decorator needed watching, and could not be trusted, as a rule, unless guided by a church architect."

An Evangelical pastorate for the benefit of undergraduates at Oxford is to be established. £4200 has been already subscribed for the purpose in view, and the leading members of the Evangelical party are co-operating.

"Re-union sermons" were preached in many churches last Sunday. Among the preachers who made special reference to the question of Christian unity were bishops and deans of various parties in the Church. A Church paper says that the present time is inopportune for such

preaching, in view of the movement for Disestablishment in Wales.

The Bishop of Peterborough distinguished himself at the Royal Academy banquet by making the neatest and most sufficient speech of the evening. It is not often that learning and brightness are so combined as in Bishop Creighton.

It is stated that over £30,000 has been spent in the restoration of Llandaff Cathedral, and over £43,000 in the restoration of St. David's.

A Church Congress has been held at Hobart. Among those who took part was Sir E. Braddon, brother of Miss Braddon, the novelist. Among the subjects discussed was the very interesting question, How far are the principles of the Church in line with modern democratic ideas? The Bishop of Christchurch urged that the Church must and could assume direction of all the forces moving in modern society. He was persuaded that there was no Church more truly in line with democratic ideas than the Church of England. Canon Vance, of Melbourne, withstood the Bishop's conclusions. There was about the Church a fixity of divine order against which the modern democratic mind rebelled.

The new chairman of the Congregational Union is the Rev. Urijah R. Thomas, of Bristol. His father, Dr. David

Thomas, was for many years editor of the *Homilist*, a pulpit magazine, which died last year, after an existence unusually prolonged among that class of publications.

A meeting of those interested in the Oxford House was held last Sunday in the hall of Christ Church. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Lincoln and the Dean of Christ Church. A strong interest in the University settlements continues to be felt in Oxford.

Dr. Parker's semi-jubilee in the City Temple, London, was celebrated with great enthusiasm. He was presented with a thousand guineas, his portrait in oils, and other gifts. Among the subscribers were the Archdeacon of London and many others belonging to the Church of England. A presentation was made to Mrs. Parker by Mr. J. M. Richards, the father of John Oliver Hobbes. In spite of the difficulties of the situation, the City Temple continues to be attended by very large congregations.

A similar congregational festival at Brooklyn, New York, in honour of an American pastor equally renowned, has been attended with a great disaster. On Friday, May 11, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Talmage's ministry was celebrated in the Tabernacle; and on Sunday the building was burned down, by a fire which originated in the electric machinery for working the organ. V.

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M O N T E C A R L O.

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judie achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montblanc and Gilberte, Messrs. Nivard and Paul Bert, "Mon Prince," by Andrzej and "Ray Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 3. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by M. de Sade, with Madame Desclaupe-Jehin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcelle Sembrich-Messrs. Quelli and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Estelle de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchissédec and Quella; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Evely, M. Quella, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conferences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction. The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16/94 superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works exhibited, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gerson, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burroughes, (Amis Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

SUMMER TOURS IN NORWAY. Tour of TWELVE DAYS to the WEST COAST and FJORDS of NORWAY. The well-known steam yacht ST. SIONA or ST. ROGNVALD will leave Leith during the season as under: June 7, 16, and 23; July 7 and 21; August 4 and 18. Berths can be secured and full particulars with Handbook obtained in London from W. Beattie, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.2; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and branches: Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branches; H. Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and branches; or from G. Hourston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith, and Chas. Merryless, Northern Wharf, Aberdeen.

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"33, Alkham Road,
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March 5, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in enclosing a photograph of my little daughter, Vera Florence, taken when she was nine months old. For the first three months she was very delicate, and though nursing her myself, she suffered from acute indigestion, and could not retain her natural food. I was advised to wean her, and give her your Food, and the result was that from taking the first bottle she showed great improvement. She has been brought up entirely on your Food ever since, and is a fine healthy child, and at the time her photo was taken had twelve teeth, four of them double, and could almost walk alone.

"I may add she is now twelve months, and can walk well, and has now fourteen teeth. I am naturally very pleased, and recommend your Food to all my friends.—Yours truly, ALICE SIBLEY."

"Whalebone Cottage, Brighton, South Australia,
September 18, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—By the present mail I am sending you a photo of our boy Otho. After trying other foods at three months he was less than when he was born, and no one thought he would live. We were then recommended to try your Food. The improvement was soon apparent, and he has had nothing the matter with him since. His flesh is very firm, and a healthier child it would be hard to find. When the photo was taken he was eleven months old, and weighed 26 lb.

"I shall always have a very high opinion of your Food, as, when he was very ill and could retain nothing else, your Food acted like a charm. I shall always recommend Mellin's Food when I have an opportunity, as I am quite sure it saved the little fellow's life.—Yours very truly, SAM'L. PENTLOW

"Gainsborough,
Lincolnshire,
February 16, 1894.

"Mr. Mellin,

"Dear Sir,—I send you a photo of our baby girl (Constance Mary) taken when she was seven months old. She has been brought up entirely upon your Food from eight weeks old, when she was a very delicate tiny mite, and could not digest milk and water. Now she is a strong bonny baby, and, I think, does great credit to her Food.—Sincerely yours, CARRIE S. BEARD."

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Empress of Germany.

TRANSLATION.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.

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The Cabinet of Her Majesty the Empress and Queen.

"44, Culverley Road, Tunbridge Wells,

"April 2, 1894.

"Sir,—I send you herewith photo of our little girl, Gladys Eveline, aged twenty months, who, since she was three months old, has been brought up on your Food. Prior to this time we had tried many other Foods without success, but none suited her, until we tried yours. She has indeed thriven wonderfully since, and is as healthy a child as one could desire.—Yours faithfully, A. M. HODGES."



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ART NOTES.

The opening of the more important picture exhibitions of the season, far from discouraging private enterprise, seems to stimulate it to better efforts. Among the half a score of "galleries" which have recently invited the public, that of the Fine Art Society deserves a special word. We have too few painters in the present day who can paint horses, at rest or in motion, better than Mr. J. Prinsep Beadle. It is this side of his work which makes his "Military England of To-Day" attractive from the point of view of art. He does not go out of his way to flatter "Tommy Atkins," but he shows him to the public under many forms and in many becoming uniforms. He has studied him at home and abroad, at peace and at war, on horseback and on foot, and our verdict must be that the English soldier, of whatever branch of the service, is trim and business-like, and, in many cases, a picturesque object. As a rule, Mr. Beadle is most successful with his horses standing, as in the fine line of them "Waiting for the

Watering Order" (15), or in such quiet going as that of "Dragoons Returning to Camp" (29). In his studies of single figures he has always a good eye for an effective attitude, and is evidently attracted by the showy uniform of the Hussar regiments or the more gorgeous accoutrements of the Queen's Guard. In those pictures where he shows a squadron going into action or battery changing ground, he is not always so successful. Sometimes the riders are doing more than their horses, and at other times the horses seem to be left to their own devices. Nevertheless, the exhibition has many attractions, and exhibits much careful and excellent work.

Artists and antiquaries who have turned their attention to the history of stained glass have long recognised that its manufacture had attained a high pitch of excellence in Switzerland—at a time when it was, perhaps, neglected elsewhere. Many causes may have contributed to the development of this special art in a country which had been little distinguished in the more imaginative branches of painting. The Director of the National Museum at

Zurich has recently been fortunate in bringing together an almost unbroken series of the works of Swiss glass-painters from the beginning of the sixteenth century. At this time many religious foundations, such as the Cathedral at Einsiedeln, the church at Küssnacht, belonging to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the rich convent of the Augustines at Zurich, were being splendidly decorated with purely local products. When the actual spoliation of these and many other buildings took place is not known, and as many of them were situated in Cantons which remained Catholic throughout the wars of religion, it may be safely inferred that they escaped the destruction which befel so many works of religious art. Quite recently the bequest of a number of specimens of painted glass to his native city of Zurich by the poet Usteri set the director of the Museum upon the right track, and Herr Angot succeeded in unearthing at various places, including Berlin and as far east as at Gröditzberg, in Silesia, more than a hundred specimens of undoubted Swiss work. These have been brought to Zurich, and will be exhibited at the city museum in the course of the present summer.

DEATH.

On May 7, at Logie, Kirriemuir, N.B., Col. Grant Kinloch, of Kirrie and Logie, in his 87th year.

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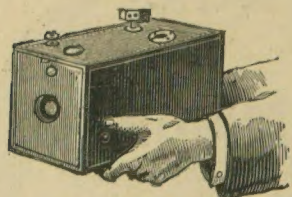
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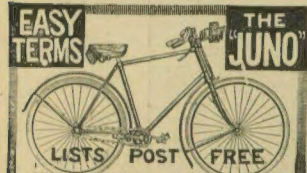
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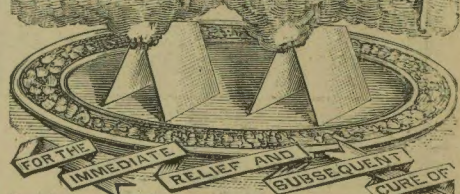


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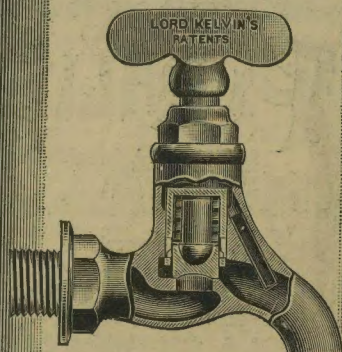
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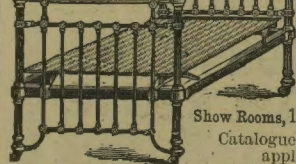
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